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THE FIRST STAR.

BY S. T.

What, a fall? Little traveler from sofa to chair,
Little sailor around Table Bay?
Never mind! There are rocks in the track of us all:
Persevere is the rule to "make way."

Ah, darling, the blossom is green in the bud,
The nestling must perch ere it fly;
There, come and climb up on to grandmother's knee,
She will kiss the bright tear from thine eye.

So, in harbor at last, then! and now ready smiles
Are dispelling the fugitive tears!
May it be so, dear child, when thy locks have turn'd gray,
And thy months have grown into long years!

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM SWAN," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HEIRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

LORD NEVILLE raised his head. He did not want to talk about Ireland, but about Doris Marlowe. And now, he thought, was the time. The old port stood beside them, the door was closed, Lady Grace and Spenser Churchill were in the drawing room.

He looked at the cold haughty face and plunged at his task.

"I'm afraid I can't go into the Irish question to-night, sir," he said.

"Indeed?" said the marquis, leaning back.

"No," said Lord Cecil quietly: "I have a personal matter I wish to speak to you about."

The marquis eyed him calmly and patiently.

"Personal matters claim first attention. What is it? Is it money?"

"I want your consent to my marriage," said Lord Cecil.

If he had expected the marquis to express surprise by word or gesture he was disappointed.

"Your marriage?" he said quietly. "You intend taking my advice, I see. You are wise; Lady Grace is desirable in every way. I'd marry her myself if I were younger."

Lord Cecil colored, but he did not flinch.

"I am sorry sir," he said.

"That I am not younger?" put in the marquis, with a sardonic smile.

"Well, yes, I'm sorry for that, if youth would make you any happier, my lord," said Lord Neville, and he spoke sincerely. The marquis eyed him keenly. "But it is not Lady Grace, sir. I think her a most beautiful and charming lady, of whom I am quite and entirely unworthy."

"For once I agree with you," was the caustic comment.

Lord Neville inclined his head.

"But there is another reason why I cannot venture to ask Lady Grace to be my wife. I do not love her."

The marquis smiled.

"I thought it was out of fashion to be in love with your wife; forgive me, I have been outside the world so long. Pray go on."

"And I love another lady."

"Indeed!" came the cold response. There was no surprise, scarcely a trace even of displeasure, but the keen eyes glittered like those of an eagle as they rested on his handsome, manly face. "Don't you think it would have saved both of us some trouble and many words if you had mentioned this rather important fact when we were discussing the question the other night?"

Lord Neville smiled faintly.

"I did not know it myself," he replied; "I had not met the young lady."

"Ah, love at first sight!" said the marquis "interesting, but rather imprudent. You have known her, and loved her, and want to marry her, all in—how many days is it?"

Lord Neville colored.

"I seem to have known her for years," he said almost to himself.

"And may I ask—I don't desire to appear inquisitive—who this young lady is? I didn't know you had visited any of the people here. Do I know her?"

"I think not, sir," said Lord Neville. "Her name is Doris Marlowe."

"Doris Marlowe," repeated the marquis: "a pretty name. No, I don't know it. There is no county family hereabouts, that I remember, of the name of Marlowe."

"She is not a member of a county family; she is an actress," said Lord Neville.

He looked up steadily, expecting to see the cold, haughty face break into an expression of rage, fury, scorn: but there was not the least emotion displayed on the thin, curled lips and glittering eyes.

"An actress; really! Dear me. This is very—entertaining! I was under the impression that only callow schoolboys ever fell in love with actresses. I should have thought—pray forgive me—that you were too old, if not too sensible, to be guilty of such a *gaucherie*."

Lord Neville pressed his foot down upon the Turkey carpet, and sat himself squarely in his chair, in his effort to command his temper. He had resolved that nothing the marquis should say should rouse him to anger or retaliation.

"An actress! I don't think the Stoyles have ever had an actress in the family; and some of us have gone pretty low down for our wives, too!"

Lord Neville bit his lip.

"If you knew Miss Marlowe, sir, I think you would scarcely consider that I was condescending in asking her to marry me."

The marquis stared at him as if he were some curious specimen, worthy of calm and careful consideration.

"I will take your word for that! At any rate, I won't venture to contradict you; but you must permit me to express my satisfaction that Fate has spared me to that extent! I have no desire to add an actress to my list of acquaintances."

Lord Neville inclined his head.

"This is exactly what I expected you to say, sir," he said quietly; "but I considered it my duty to tell you, and to ask your consent, as I should have asked my father's, had he been living."

"Thanks; you are very considerate," said the marquis, with a fine sneer; "and do not mind me! Pray unbosom yourself! Treat me as if I were your father, and dilate upon the lady's charms. Of course she is beautiful?"

"She is very beautiful," said Lord Neville quietly.

—"And clever! Quite a genius in fact, and equally, of course, pure and innocent as the driven snow."

The words—the tone—almost maddened Lord Cecil. His face crimsoned, then went pale, and his eyes burnt fiercely as they met the keen, sardonic gaze.

"She is clever! She is a genius! Yes!" he said controlling himself by a great effort. "She will be, or would have been, famous. As to her innocence and purity, she has been brought up and carefully guarded by a man, against whom and herself the tongue of scandal has not dared even to hint a word."

"In—deed! You are singularly fortunate!" came the scornful response.

Lord Neville sprang to his feet, a half audible oath wrung from him in his torture; but the marquis waved his thin, white, claw-like hand.

"Pray sit down. We had better endeavor to discuss the matter quietly. If she is an actress, that is no reason why you should treat me to dramatic attitudes. Pray be calm! I have no doubt you believe all you say; I am quite convinced of it. We'll agree that she is everything that is beautiful and innocent and talented, and that you are very much in love with her——" and he laughed, such a laugh of taunting scorn and contempt as might have been echoed in Tophet.

Lord Neville sank into his chair again.

—"And you propose to marry her?" said the marquis, after sipping his wine. "To marry her! Now that surprises me! How fashions alter! In my day that was the last thing we should have done."

Lord Neville's face darkened.

"Even in your day, my lord, all men were not scoundrels," he said grimly.

"No," said the marquis, delighted at having driven him to retort. "No; there were some fools—even in my days!"

"You shall call me what you please, sir."

"My dear fellow, what can I tell you? Even you will not expect to applaud such a step as you propose taking. You are a Neville, you will be the marquis of Stoyle, a peer of the three kingdoms; you will get, or you would have got, the Garter; and you propose to marry—an actress! An actress! If there is any man in England who would not call you a fool, I should like to see him; I should like to see him very much indeed. Why, my dear fellow, depend upon it no one thinks you more decidedly a fool than the girl herself."

"By Heaven, if you only knew her!" broke from Lord Neville's parched lips.

The marquis laughed.

"Thanks, again. But you'll excuse me, I trust! An actress! Come I'm not a betting man—now, but I will wager a hundred pounds to five that before two months after you have been married you will admit to me that I was right and that you were a very great fool indeed!"

"I take you, sir," said Lord Neville grimly, and he drew out his pocket book and carefully jotted down the bet. The old man's eyes shone with a swift approval: it was a touch worthy of himself.

"And I'll make you another that in the same period the girl herself will be as sorry that she married you."

"I don't take that," said Lord Neville coldly. "For, considering the blood that runs in my veins, any woman's chance of happiness as my wife is a small one."

The effect of this retort upon the marquis was fearful! His face, pale at all times, went livid, his eyes gleamed like ardent coals, his teeth came together with a click; and he dropped as if he had been struck; then in a moment or two he recovered himself and made an elaborate bow.

"Fairly hit," he said, and his voice was very low and sharp. "Very well done indeed. But you forgot when you taunted me with the unhappiness of my own married life, that you were admitting that I spoke with experience."

Lord Neville flushed.

"By Heaven, sir," he said quietly, "you drove me too hard. I know little or nothing of your married life—I scarcely thought of it when I spoke——"

The marquis waved his hand.

"Don't spoil it by an apology," he said quietly. "You struck home and should be satisfied. My marriage was as great a mistake as yours will be. Almost, not quite. It ruined my life: if by a little trouble I could have saved you from a like experience, I should have been glad to have done so: but I am not prepared to take much trouble. We will, therefore, if you please, consider that you have made up your mind to marry this girl from the gutter—don't look so fierce: a girl who is of no family is from the gutter—the pavement!—that you have made up your mind to become the laughing stock of all your friends, old and young; to chain yourself to a woman who will, while she lives, be pointed and stared at as 'the actress;' that you are contented to leave the society to which your birth and position entitle you, and sink into grim solitude or the companionship of people of her class. We will take all this for granted. And now, what do you expect me to do, if I may ask?"

"To request me to leave the house, to discontinue my allowance, and to cut me from henceforth," said Lord Neville promptly but calmly.

The marquis smiled.

"Y—es," he said, nodding, "that is my duty forcibly and concisely expressed. This is what I ought to do; but all my life I have never done what I ought to have done, and have always done what I ought not. You are welcome to remain at the Towers as long as you please."

Lord Neville looked at him with faint surprise, and the marquis sipped his wine slowly.

"I shall double your allowance, and as to cutting you, that would be inconvenient and troublesome, not to say vulgar. Of course I shall keep to my resolve respecting the property, that will go to Lady Grace as I said."

Lord Neville's face flushed.

"She is welcome to it—quite welcome to it," he said at once. "I am glad that it should be so. I—I think you have acted very generously to me, and I thank you, sir."

The marquis inclined his head, a faint smile hovering about his thin lips.

"You might be able to marry upon your allowance doubled, as I propose," he said. "You would not be very rich, but it might do."

"It will be quite sufficient," said Lord Neville, as yet unrecovered from his surprise.

"I shall not live very long, I hope—though, by the way, I should like to live long enough to win that five pounds of you,"—Lord Neville smiled—"and then you will have the estates, such as they are."

"I ask you to believe me, that I am in hurry. I do not wish, and never have wished for your death," and his face flushed.

The marquis waved his hand.

"Thanks, very much! But to return: I presume that you have not the slightest doubt of the stability of your feelings? You are sure that you won't change your mind—your heart, I should have said?"

"Quite certain," replied Lord Neville, Doris's face rising before him as he spoke. "My happiness is bound up in Miss Marlowe; I shall never cease to love her."

"Very good," said the marquis. "Of course, you want to be married at once? Oh, I have no objection; it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, I assure you."

"Then your kindness and liberality are all the more marked, sir," said Lord Neville. "I wish I could convince you of my gratitude; it is sufficient to make me forget—almost—all the hard things you have said."

"Ah," said the marquis, "gratitude is a fine sentiment,—very fine. But rather hollow and shadowy. If I were to ask you to do something, for instance, to prove this beautiful sentiment!" he sneered as a finish to the sentence.

Lord Neville looked up.

"I wish you would!" he said. "I should like to prove my sincerity, sir."

The marquis looked round the room with a smile of idle amusement.

"Really," he said, "there is nothing I can think of asking you to do, excepting to pass the wine, and that does not entail much sacrifice."

"I was not jesting, sir," said Lord Neville gravely. "My offer was made in all sincerity."

"Really? Dear me, I wish I could think of something. Ah!" he stopped and looked Lord Neville's attentive face keenly, sarcastically. "What do you say if I ask you to go over to Ireland for me?"

Lord Neville's face grew grave, and the marquis leaned back and laughed with grim satisfaction.

"You see! Gratitude's a very fine thing—to talk about!"

Lord Neville flushed.

"You misunderstand my silence," he said quietly. "If you mean by going to Ireland for you, I'm to take sides with the landlords—" he stopped—"I could not join in the oppression of those poor people, my lord, even to prove my own sincerity."

The marquis toyed with his fruit knife.

"Charmingly put, my dear Cecil; quite fit for a political platform. But you misunderstand me. I know nothing of the question, and care less; I hate and detest politics, they bore me, they always did. All I want is this. I am told that my agent is a rogue, who has made himself rich by grinding down the tenants; I am also told that he is the most merciful and upright of men. I'm rather curious to know—well, scarcely curious, perhaps—which account is true. Will you go and find out? I don't think you can call that oppressing the people."

Lord Neville looked up with quiet eagerness.

"Certainly, I will go, sir," he said.

The marquis inclined his head.

"Mind, I don't care a brass farthing whether you go or refuse; I don't care about anything; and it is very likely that after you are gone to-morrow morning I shall have ceased to remember what you have gone about."

"To-morrow morning?" said Lord Neville, almost inaudibly. To-morrow morning! and his appointment with Doris, his interview with her guardian!

"Yes," said the marquis carelessly, but shooting a glance, half-scornful, half-amused, at the grave face. "If you go at all it must be at once! Someone should have started to-night! The man will collect the rents in a day or two, he should be stopped—or the other thing."

"Yes," said Lord Neville absently.

Go without seeing Doris! Without gaining her guardian's consent. His heart throbbed with a dull ache.

"Yes, of course you see that! The early train would enable you to catch the Irish mail at Sandstone Junction—— Ah, I see," and he laughed mockingly.

Lord Neville looked up enquiringly.

"You want to see Miss Barlow——"

"Marlowe," said Lord Neville.

"Pardon. Marlowe. To tell her that the wicked uncle has proved less black than he is painted——"

Lord Neville smiled.

"Is that unnatural?"

"By no means; but permit me to suggest that you can write to her. I merely suggest it."

Lord Neville rose with a quiet air of determination.

"What time does the early train start, sir?" he said.

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"Parkins will tell you," he said carelessly. "You mean to go, then?"

"Yes," said Lord Cecil.

The marquis laughed.

"Will you kindly give me that despatch box?" he said.

Lord Cecil brought it to him, and the marquis took out some papers.

"Here are the papers," he said languidly. "I haven't read them all: you can bore yourself over them in the train. And will you favor me by accepting this towards the expenses?" and he laid a roll of uncounted notes on the table.

Cecil took them up and examined them.

"There is more than enough here," he said quietly.

"There is never more than enough money," said the marquis. "If you think there is too much, you can distribute the surplus amongst the poor people with whom you sympathise."

"Yes, I can do that—and will!"

"As you like. I shall say 'good-night'; by the way I should say 'good-bye,' for you may be shot!" he added, as calmly as if he were saying, "It may rain."

"I am not coward enough to be afraid of that, or fool enough to think it likely!" said Lord Cecil as carelessly. "Good-night, sir," and he held the door open for him.

As he did so the marquis raised his eyelids and shot a glance at the handsome face; then, with a bow and a cold smile passed out.

Lord Cecil went up to his own room, and lighting a cigar, paced up and down, thinking deeply.

It was marvellous that the marquis should have acted as he had done! Double his allowance! He would be able to marry at once, instead of waiting. Marry Doris at once! The blood beat in a tumult at his heart; then a dull weight seemed to fall upon him as he remembered his debts. But he thrust the incubus from him; something might be done respecting them, some arrangement made. At any rate, he would have an income large enough to marry on, and Doris——! He puffed at his cigar fiercely, and called up a vision of the lovely face, and tried to imagine the expression the deep, dark, melting orbs would wear when he told her. Then, as he reflected that he should not see her on the morrow, he sighed.

"It almost seems as if my darling had some presentiment that we should not meet," he said to himself. "What will she say when she finds that I am not there, and goes to the stone for the letter?"

Then he sat down to the table to write it. It was not easy, for he wanted to say enough, to cover ten pages; but at last he wrote a few lines only.

"MY DARLING,—

"While you are reading this, I shall be on my way to Ireland,—with my heart in Barton meadows. I can't tell you in a letter all that has happened; only this, that, as he himself put it, the wicked marquis is not so bad as he is painted! Doris, when I come back, it will be to ask you to be my wife—not in a year or two, but soon, soon! I'm a bad hand at writing letters, and I could not, if I tried, tell you how I love you, or how I wish I were near you, to see and hear you, my beautiful angel!

"Ever yours,

"CECIL.

"P. S.—I owe my uncle something, for he has behaved with unusual kindness, and this journey to Ireland is the only way in which he will let me pay him. I will tell you all about it when I come back."

He sighed over the unsatisfactory epistle and closed it, then re-opened the letter and caught up his pen to tell her of the loss of the ring and ask her to look for it; but he hesitated, and put the letter back in the envelope with the sentence unwritten. Then he put on his coat and walked to the meadows.

The night was dark, and he had to light a match to enable him to find the stone beneath the trees, but he found it and concealed his letter, and then after standing for a few moments and looking round him dreamily, casting up the vision of Doris, he turned and made his way back to the Towers.

The marquis had gone to his room, as was customary with him; his valet exchanged the master's dress coat for a velvet dressing gown, and the old man lay back in the chair with half-closed eyes.

The room was magnificently furnished, but in rather a subdued tone, which was rendered almost sombre by the heavy curtains that screened the window and a greater portion of the walls.

Against the deep purple of the hangings the clear, sharp cut face with its distinct pallor looked almost like that of a dead man's, and only the steel-like glitter of the eyes spoke of the vitality which lingered in the body, and burnt in the spirit of the Most Honorable the Marquis of Stoyle.

Presently there came a soft tap at the door, and in response to the marquis's "come in," Spenser Churchill entered.

If anything, his smooth, innocent face looked more benevolent and charitable than usual, and the smile he bent upon the hard, cold face upturned to him was like that of a man whose sole delight is in doing good to his fellow men.

"Well," he said—or rather purred.

The marquis waved his hand to a chair, and Spenser Churchill dropped softly into it, and leant back, his eyes fixed on the ceiling, his fat hands clasped on his knee.

"You were right, you spoke nothing but the truth: the fool is in earnest."

"Dear Cecil," purred Spenser Churchill.

"He is so much in love that he bore all the insults that I could heap upon him—no! I wrong him. He struck home once!" and he smiled a strange smile.

"And he means to marry her?"

"Yes," said the marquis, with a cruel sneer; "he is even fool enough for that."

"Dear Cecil!" murmured Spenser Churchill again. "How delightful, how refreshing it is, in this practical, stupid life, to find——"

"And he will marry her, unless this scheme of yours answers," said the marquis, breaking in upon the smooth voice.

"And you doubled his income?"

"I did," said the marquis.

"And he will go to Ireland? To-morrow?"

"He will, to-morrow," said the marquis, watching the sleek, false face.

"Now, that's very good of him," murmured Spenser Churchill; "very good, most charming and nice. To go to Ireland on the very day he has arranged a meeting with that beautiful girl. Now——"

"Is she so beautiful?" asked the marquis, who seemed to take the unctuous words as meaningless and not worth listening to. "I suppose she must be. He has seen many pretty women, many clever ones. What has caught him? What is she like?"

Spenser Churchill shot a sidelong glance at him.

"The usual thing, my dear marquis," he said softly. "Just the usual thing! They make those face powders wonderfully well now,—wonderfully!"

The marquis smiled grimly.

"The fool, to be caught by a painted vixen, old enough—I suppose she is old, eh?"

Spenser Churchill shrugged his shoulders.

"Ah, yes, of course! A young girl wouldn't have had the tact to catch him so easily. And he has written to her, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Spenser Churchill; "and gone to post the letter under the stones. The romance is simply charming! Charming."

The marquis eyed the fire thoughtfully.

"I am almost inclined to let him marry her," he said, in a low voice. "I should enjoy the misery that would follow! Yes, I'm half inclined—" and an evil light flashed from his eyes.

Spenser Churchill watched him from behind the mask of a benevolent smile.

"Oh, no, no," he murmured; "we really must not, we really must not let dear Cecil ruin himself. My dear marquis, we should not sleep; our consciences——"

The marquis broke in with a cold, sardonic laugh.

"Yes, you are right! After all, it will be more amusing to thwart him—if we can."

"If we can," echoed Spenser Churchill with a smile.

"Oh, I don't doubt your ability," said the marquis with a sneer; "the devil himself could not be a fitter person for such work. What do you mean to do?" he added, with a half-contemptuous, half-weary gesture.

"Have you a letter of dear Cecil's?" said Spenser Churchill. "I really am half ashamed! It is only the conviction that I am acting for the dear fellow's ultimate good that gives me courage——"

The marquis pointed to a cabinet.

"You will find some letters of his there," he said.

"Thanks," murmured Spenser Churchill, and he rose and opened the cabinet.

Then he selected two or three letters, and smiling and nodding at the marquis as if they were conspiring to do some good deed in secret, he went to a davenport and wrote.

After a few moments he came across the room, and with his head on one side, a benevolent smile on his innocent face, he dropped a letter on the marquis's knee.

The marquis took it up and looked at it with a careless air, then started.

"Forgery must be very easy," he said with a sneer, "or you must have had a great deal of practice, Spenser."

"You really think it is like—just a little like?" said Spenser Churchill, as if he had received high praise for a virtuous action. "Now, really, you think it is something of a resemblance?"

"It is so close a forgery that Cecil himself might almost be persuaded that it is his own."

"No! Really! But read it, dear marquis! The handwriting is only of secondary importance: the style of the letter—eh? What do you say?"

The marquis read the note, and a smile of sardonic amusement lit up his pallid face.

"Now, please don't flatter me, tell me your true opinion, marquis!" purred Spenser Churchill, leaning forward, and rubbing his hands together.

The marquis tossed the letter to him.

"It is a very good counterfeit," he said.

Spenser Churchill laughed softly.

"I tried to imagine the way in which our dear Cecil would write, and you think I have succeeded? Poor Cecil, poor girl! What a hard world it is! Now, why can't these interesting young things be permitted to be happy in their own charming, unsophisticated way? What a pity it is that one feels bound, in the cause of humanity and society, to—er—so to speak—put a spoke in their wheel!" and he stood up and began buttoning his coat.

"You yourself are going to take that letter?" asked the marquis.

"Oh, yes!" purred Spenser Churchill. "We mustn't confide our nice little plot to a servant."

"You are taking a great deal of trouble; why?" said the marquis, eyeing him keenly.

Spenser Churchill's eyes dropped, and a benevolent smile shone on his smooth face.

"Simply out of regard and affection for you, marquis, and our dear Cecil, and the house of Stoyle, to which I am so much attached. Yes, I shall take the letter myself."

"Ah!" said the marquis slowly. Then he looked up. "I should recommend you to keep clear of Cecil," he said, with a sneer. "He is as strong as an ox and—a Neville. Seriously, Spenser, if he should get an inkling, and catch you, I fear you would come off badly. Unless you are tired of life, you had better keep out of his way."

"No, I am not tired of life," said Spenser Churchill. "But I shall take my pretty little letter myself. Adieu!" and he nodded, and smiled himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XV.

DORIS went home with her heart beating, every nerve throbbing with the thrill of a woman's first love; and it was not until she had her hand upon the door that she fully realized the task that lay before her.

She had to tell Jeffrey. To tell him that all his lifelong plans for her were shattered, and cast to the winds; that, just at the moment of success, success won by hard, persistent work and untiring effort, on his part and hers, she, Doris Marlowe, who was to have been the actress of the day, was going to retire from the stage for ever.

She scarcely realized it herself yet, and yet she knew that it must be. The future wife of the heir to the marquisate of Stoyle could not be permitted to remain an actress, to be gazed at by a nightly mob, to be cheered or hissed by a public audience. She sighed as the thought came home to her, not for herself, and the sacrifice of fame, but for Jeffrey.

It would be hard for him to bear, very, very hard; but she did not doubt that he would give his consent. As she said to Lord Neville, Jeffrey could not find it in his heart to refuse her anything she wanted very much, and she did want to marry this handsome young lover, whose simple touch had power to move her, very much indeed.

She opened the door. Jeffrey was seated at a small table, covered with papers and old letters. He was bending over them with an air and attitude of deep abstraction, and he did not hear her light footfall as she crossed the room, and laid her small hand rather tremulously upon his stooping shoulders.

"Doris!" he exclaimed, looking up with a start, and covering the papers before him with both his thin, gnarled hands.

"Why, Jeffrey, dear, did I frighten you?" she said gently. "What are you doing? You look as if you were trying to write a play!"

He smiled constrainedly and began collecting the papers in a nervous, hurried fashion.

"I—I have been busy," he said. "Old papers and—and letters. Where have you been, and what have you been doing?"

He did not look at her or he would have seen the color which suffused her face and noticed the suddenly downcast eyes.

"I have been in the meadows, Jeffrey. I—I want to tell you something."

"Yes," he said, tying the letters together in a bundle, and folding up a couple of yellow, time-stained papers. "What is it? What is the time? I—I have been sitting here so long that I've forgotten." He looked at his old-fashioned watch, and rising hastily, put the bundle of letters in a box that stood on the table. "It is time for the rehearsal; are you ready? I shall not be a moment."

"Yes, I am quite ready; but there is plenty of time, Jeffrey, and I want to tell you—have you forgotten those papers? Are you not going to lock them up with the others?" and she pointed to them.

He snatched them up almost jealously. "No, no," he said. "I keep them—here!" and he placed them with a nervous carefulness in a pocket within the breast of his waistcoat. "I—I meant to show them to you to day, Doris. I have been going to show them to you for—" he sighed—"years. But I've put it off from day to day, from year to year. They belong to you, and you shall have them—to-morrow, say to-morrow."

Doris started slightly. It was to-morrow that Lord Neville was coming to see Jeffrey; perhaps he would give them to Lord Neville!

"How well you look this morning," he said, suddenly, his eyes resting for a moment upon her lovely face with their old keenness. "Those meadows, as you call them, must be wonderfully healthy. Where is my hat?"

She got it for him, and she gave it to him, she let her hand fall lightly upon his arm

"And don't you want to hear what I have to tell you, Jeffrey?"

"Eh?" he said. "What is it? Nothing very important, I suppose? A new bonnet you've seen in the Barton milliner's? Well, you can buy it! You can buy all the bonnets in the window now, if you like!" and he chuckled grimly. "No more pinching and scraping,—though we'll be careful still, eh, Doris? We'll be careful! Hard-earned money's too precious to be squandered. Buy your bonnet, Doris, by all means. Come along!" and he was across the room and out of the door before she could summon up courage to stop him.

She would tell him after rehearsal, she thought with a sigh; but after rehearsal he came hurrying to her to tell her that he had arranged to go to the next town on important business for the manager.

"I shall be back to-night," he said, in his quick, stern voice; "in time to take you home, as usual," and he touched her forehead with his lips.

"You will be *sure* to be back to-night, Jeffrey?" she said, clinging to him for a moment.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly. "If anything should prevent me——" he put his hand to his breast thoughtfully, and his heavy brows knitted with a troubled expression; then he seemed to shake it off. "But I shall be back. If by any chance I should lose the train——"

"Jeffrey!"

"I said by any chance only, and it is not likely; but if I should I will come by the first in the morning. Mrs. Parkhouse, the dresser, will see you home if I am not here. Good-bye, my child! Play your best to-night! I am working for you; stone by stone I am building up the edifice of your fame——" he stopped, pressed her shoulders with his thin hand, and was gone.

Doris felt a strange sense of loneliness fall upon her. It was the first time he had left her for so many hours that his absence oppressed her for a moment or two with a sense of helplessness. Then suddenly there flashed upon her the remembrance of Cecil and his love, and the oppression vanished. How could she be helpless while *he* was so near to love and protect her?

Was it strange that her feet should wander from the straight road home to the brook in the meadows? Was it strange that she should linger on the spot made sacred to her by her love until the last moment, so that she left herself barely time to dress and reach the theatre?

"Perhaps I shall see him to-night," she thought; "perhaps he will come to the cab and say one word, just one word!" and when she came on, her beautiful eyes wandered over the crowded house with an eagerness which she could scarcely conceal.

But he was not there: and he did not come during the whole evening. She felt that she should know if he were in the theatre, though she should not be able to see him, and she knew even before she left the stage door to go to the cab that she should not see him, and Jeffrey had not come back!

"You feel tired to-night, Miss Marlowe," said Mrs. Parkhouse, as Doris leant back in the cab, and drew her cloak round her. "Shall I come home and stay with you to-night? I daresay you feel lonely without Jeffrey."

But Doris would not let her do that.

"I am tired," she said, "and I feel rather lonely, but Mr. Jeffrey would laugh at me for being so nervous. No, you shall not stay."

She sat up far into the night looking at the stars from the window, which she threw open, for the air was balmy with the breath of the coming summer; and she tried to realize all that had happened to her, all that was going to happen to her.

It was not of the title and rank that were to be hers she thought, but of Cecil's love, and she stretched her long white arms out towards Barton Towers with a yearning gesture, murmuring, "My love, my love!"

The morning broke, not brightly and sunnily, but in fitful gleams glancing through shower clouds; and when she came downstairs she found a yellow telegram envelope beside her plate.

It was from Jeffrey, saying that the merest chance he had spoken of had occurred, and that he had been detained the night, but that he would catch the eleven o'clock train; and asking her to meet him.

Her face brightened as she read it. Yes, she would meet him, and as they walked through the woods from the station, she would tell him of her strange meeting with Lord Neville and all that had sprung from it, and then they both could go and meet Cecil by the brook.

She hurried through a mere pretense of a breakfast, and putting on her hat and jacket, set out.

The sky had cleared somewhat, and the sun, shining through the spaces of blue, touched the green leaves with a dazzling sheen.

As she went towards the meadows, her heart beating with an anticipatory joy, her mind was hard at work.

Perhaps, after all, Jeffrey would not so much mind her giving up the stage and the career for which he had so carefully prepared her. It was her happiness he had been seeking—only her happiness, and when he had learned that it was bound up in her love for Cecil Neville, he would not refuse his consent, or throw any obstacle in the way.

Looking at it in this hopeful fashion, she reached a spot where the footpath branched in two directions,—one led to the brook, the other to the railway station.

She stopped and glanced at the path to the brook wistfully; perhaps Cecil was already waiting for her. Consulting her tiny watch—a present from Jeffrey—she saw that there was just time to go round by way of the brook, and with a heightened color and eager eyes she took the path that led thither.

"After all," she murmured, when she reached the bank, and looked round upon the unbroken solitude; "I might have waited! He is not here! I daresay he has not finished his breakfast yet; and yet, if he knew that I was here——"

She sat down on the bank, and gazed dreamily about her. The brook babbling at her feet; the branches of the trees waving solemnly above her head; the very air seemed eloquent of the lover who had stolen her heart and absorbed her life, and she fell into a delicious reverie. Then, suddenly her eyes fell upon the big round stone at the foot of the tree, and a smile broke over her face.

"What a foolish, romantic girl he must have thought me," she murmured; "as if he would let anything prevent him coming."

As she spoke she rose, and, almost mechanically, knelt down and turned the stone over.

Then, with a start, she woke, for there lay a white envelope.

She took it up and gazed at it, turning it over and over, a dull, heavy disappointment weighing upon her, and examined the address, and the elaborate crest stamped on the back.

"Then it was not so romantic or foolish," she murmured sorrowfully. "He is not coming!"

She sank down upon the bank, and looked before her with a vacant air, the envelope still unopened. "Not coming! not coming!" It was like the announcement of some terrible calamity.

Then, suddenly, hope sprang into her bosom.

"He has written to tell me why he cannot come," she said to herself, and the color rushed back into her face. "Yes, that is it! He has been prevented—his uncle, the marquis! Something has prevented him, and he has just written to tell me when he can come, and when I shall see him."

She tore the envelope open, and something fell upon the grass. She leant forward and picked it up: it was the old pearl-silver ring she had given to him.

She looked at it, turning it over with a vague aching sense of disappointment and trouble.

"My ring!" she murmured, "my ring! Now, what does this mean?" then her face brightened. "Ah, yes, he has sent it to remind me of yesterday!"

Eagerly she opened the letter, and her lovely eyes seemed to devour it; but as she read they grew dim and hazy, and she swept her hand across them with an impatient gesture.

"I—I can't read!" she murmured piteously. "I can't read it!" Her hands closed tightly on the thick, smooth sheet of note paper, and she set her teeth hard. "I must be mad—yes, that is it! Let me wait a moment. Now!" and she bent forward, and, with knitted brows, read it out word by word, slowly, painfully, like a child reading a repugnant task.

"Dear Miss Marlowe—for I feel that I dare not call you by the name engraven on my heart, and yet I must, though it is for the last time! Dear, dear Doris! I am the most wretched and miserable of men! And yesterday I was the happiest! Doris, I have seen my uncle and told him all, and he has proved to me, beyond all question, that it is impossible for me to make you mine. I can't tell you all that passed between us, I scarcely know what I am writing, but the dreadful fact remains that by making you my wife I should work you nothing but wretchedness and misery. Don't ask me to tell you anything more, I cannot! Try and forget me, Doris! I am not, and never can be, worth a single thought of yours! I know what you will think, and the knowledge only adds to my misery. You will think that I value my worldly prosperity above your love; but I swear it is not so! I would willingly resign everything—rank, money, position—for your sake; but there are other reasons. Forgive and forget me, Doris, or if you still think of me, remember me as one who wishes himself dead! Good-bye—and for ever!

"CECIL NEVILLE.

"I return your ring. I dare not keep it having lost *you!*"

Thrice she read it, slowly, carefully, as if she were trying to learn it by heart; then she rose, and, white as the stones washed by the brook, stood gazing at the broken and hastily scrawled lines.

"Good-bye—and for ever!" she murmured. "Good-bye—and for ever!"

A wild laugh forced itself from her lips, and she dropped down on the bank as if she had been felled by a blow.

Half-an-hour later Jeffrey was making his way along the footpath through the woods, his thin bent fingers throwing a fantastic shadow on the trees trunks, as he walked with his head projected and drooping, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Every now and then he raised his head, looking about him as if he remembered that he had asked Doris to meet him; but he almost immediately again relapsed into his pre-occupied absent-minded manner. Once he stopped and took the papers from the pocket in his breast and looked at them with a deep and thoughtful frown.

"Yes, to-day!" he murmured. "I will tell her to-day! Why should I be afraid? It will make no difference; she will be my child still; it will make no difference." He took off his hat and wiped his brow and sighed.

"Yes, I'll tell her to-day. I—I'm not so strong as I was, and one can't tell what may happen. If I died before I'd told her——"

The muttered words stopped suddenly, and he looked up with a startled air which swiftly changed to one of fierce anger: a dapper, comfortably-rounded figure stood before him, with placidly smiling face and serenely benevolent air.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PRESERVING EGGS.—No egg is fresh that will shake; this is because it has lost some of its albumen. No egg has ever been preserved over a month that will not shake, except it be air-rooted, which is a term not generally understood, and is a new process. The egg has been coated with every conceivable composition, even in solid stone, and galvanized, yet the watery material escapes.

The philosophy of this is that there is air in the egg before it is treated, and this, uniting its oxygen and carbon, produces decomposition by carbonic acid gas, the yellow of the egg first breaking; then follows the destruction.

Eggs are naturally designed to last as long as the hen requires to get her brood, and the life-germ can be preserved a few weeks—seven or eight—but no longer. The egg itself may be kept in a preserved state for two years, by greasing with butter, oil, or lard; but from the time it is thus put up, to the end of two years, it will daily lose its albumen by transpiration, and while its carbonic acid escapes to a certain extent, the egg-meat will be reduced two-thirds, and will shake.

A LADY asks us what is "the difference between a solicitor and an attorney." "Precisely the same as between a crocodile and an alligator, madam."

Bric-a-Brac.

ARTIFICIAL STONE.—Artificial stone is made by mixing sand with a concentrated solution of silicate of soda. The pasty mass thus formed is placed in the mould of the desired shape. It is then dried, but is yet as brittle as biscuit. It is next saturated with a solution of cloride of calcium. In about an hour the chemical change takes place, and the whole mass becomes as hard as stone; finally, it is washed and dried.

THE SMALLEST.—The smallest, simplest and best protected post office in the world is in the Strait of Magellan and has been there for many years. It consists of a small keg or cask and is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape, in the straits opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to take letters out and put others in. The postoffice is self-acting and unprovided with a postmaster and is, therefore, under the protection of all the navies of the world.

NOBILITY IN CHINA.—There are five degrees of nobility in China, for which approximate English titles are now used. These titles are conferred on deserving subjects, and are hereditary in the following limited sense: The eldest son of an official who has been made a duke becomes a marquess at his father's death; the marquess's eldest son becomes an earl; the earl's eldest son a viscount; the viscount's eldest son a baron. On the baron's death the title becomes extinct, and his descendants cease to belong to the privileged class.

THE AGASSIZ SNAKE.—This story is told of Prof. Agassiz's snake. "That famous naturalist missed one morning three snakes that he had brought home the night before. On searching high and low he found two, but one was still missing. Mrs. Agassiz (who was dressing) in putting on her boots found it coiled inside her boots. Her screams of surprise brought Agassiz, who exclaimed, "Oh, Lizzie, how terrible it might have been!" "What!" said his wife, "are they poisonous?" "Oh, yes, the most poisonous serpents you can think—so rare—and you might have crushed the nice little thing."

A BIG UMBRELLA.—An umbrella, said to be the largest in the world, has been made at Glasgow for the use of a West African king. The umbrella which can be closed in the usual manner, is 21 feet in diameter, and is affixed to a polished mahogany staff of the same length. The canopy is made of Indian straw, lined with cardinal and white, has a score of straw tassels, and a border of crimson satin. On the top is a pine-shaped straw ornament, which terminates in a gilded cone. When in use the umbrella will be fixed in the ground, and under its shelter the potentate will be able to entertain about thirty guests to dinner.

THE FATHER IN LAW.—Among the Piutes it is always the father-in-law that makes the trouble. Every married Piute is always glad of a visit from his mother-in-law. He welcomes her with his broadest grin. The arrival of the mother-in-law gives him a double team, where before he had only one animal. He hails her appearance with delight, and piling a jackass load of wood upon her willing old back, sends her into town with his wife, similarly packed, to peddle out the fuel and bring back to him a supply of money for his favorite game of poker. The Piute father-in-law is of no use as a wood packer, nor will he gather grass seeds or pinenuts.

THE TIGER.—Indian folk-lore cherishes many strange traditions about the tiger. Natives believe, amongst other things, that the ghost of a man killed by a tiger rides on the beast's head to warn him of danger and to point the way to fresh victims. Eating tiger's flesh gives one courage; but unless the whiskers are first singed off, the tiger's spirit will haunt you, and, what is worse, you run the risk of being turned into a tiger in the next world. God allows a tiger one rupee a day for his food; so that if a tiger kills a bullock worth five rupees he will not kill again for five days. To this may be added a true tale of a tiger. An unfortunate villager was killed by one. The police held an inquiry into the matter, and submitted the following artless report: "Pandu died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death. Nothing was left of Pandu save some fingers, which probably belonged either to the right or left hand."

"YES," admitted the visitor, when the proud mother exhibited her baby, "he has his father's nose; but don't worry. It may not always be that red."

ON SEA AND SHORE.

BY CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

"Oh tell me once and tell me twice
And tell me thrice to make it plain,
When we who part this weary day,
When we who part shall meet again."

Yet tell me once before we part,
Why need we part who part in pain?
If flowers must blossom on the sea,
Why we shall never meet again.

"My cheeks are paler than a rose,
My tears are salter than the main,
My heart is like a lump of ice
If we must never meet again."

"Oh weep or laugh, but let me be,
And live or die, for all's in vain;
For life's in vain since we must part,
And parting, must not meet again."

Till windflowers blossoms on the sea
And fishes skim along the plain;
Pale rose of roses let me be,
Your breaking heart breaks mine again.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—(CONTINUED.)

ARE YOU FEELING better, uncle?"

"They tell me I am better, my dear," he answered feebly. "I don't know—perhaps I may be."

"Sir Augustus thinks you will get quite well, uncle."

"Does he?"—doubtfully; then, after a pause—"I have a strong conviction, Lucille, that I shall never rise again from this bed."

"Oh, you must not say that!"

Silence for a few moments. Lord Elwyn's eyes closed; he looked as though he might fall asleep. This would not suit Lucille at all. She spoke again.

"Uncle, do you think you are well enough to listen to something I want to tell you?"

His eyes opened again.

"Yes—certainly. What is it?"

"It is something very important, uncle," she said, bending over him and taking his hand—"something, I think, you ought to know."

Lord Elwyn moved uneasily under the bedclothes; an anxious expression stole into his eyes.

"You said just now that you felt you would never get out of this bed alive, uncle. I hope and trust you may be mistaken; but, if you should by any sad chance be right, then—then——"

"Yes, yes—for Heaven's sake, go on!"

His breath was beginning to come and go quickly; he tried to raise himself on his pillow.

"Then I don't think you ought to die without knowing the truth."

"Tell me instantly without further delay, Lucille!"

He clutched at her hands violently with a supernatural strength and dragged her nearer to him.

"It is all about yourself—your—your marriage?"

"No, no; it is about your daughter Kathleen."

"Tell me!" he gasped.

"Kathleen is hiding a shameful secret from you, uncle. When she was at that farm that you took her from—you remember?"

"Yes, yes—old Dobson's—I know!"

"She got entangled with a common laboring man. She corresponds with him; she has owned in my hearing that she is engaged to him."

"It is a lie, a lie," he shouted, flinging up his arms wildly—"a lie, I tell you—a wicked lie! Here in this very room she has sworn to marry Alfred Elwyn—not an hour ago she swore it to me!"

"Alas, my dear uncle, I fear that Kathleen is but reckoning upon the chance of your death in order to break her oath as soon as you cease to live! I fear that she is too deeply implicated with this man to be able to marry Alfred. I must ease my conscience of this load, and reveal the whole terrible truth to you, dear uncle, hard and bitter as it is to me to tell you. Kathleen's relations with this man—I have it from his own lips, uncle—the wretched creature threw himself upon my mercy and confessed all to me—his relations with Kathleen have been of such a nature as to preclude the possibility of her becoming the wife of an honest man."

"Oh, Heaven!"

He fell back white and stiff upon his pillows; but for the laboring of his breath, he tried to speak; but the words would not come.

"Fetch—fetch—go—at once—find," he gasped at last, jerking out the words with a terrible effort, as though each cost him a drop of his very heart's-blood.

"Is it Mr. Williams, the solicitor, whom you wish to see, uncle?" inquired Lucille mildly.

His lips framed the word "Yes;" and then he gasped hoarsely:

"At once—at once—not a moment to lose!"

Like lightning she flew out of the room and along the corridor, through the double green-baize doors that led on to the upper landing, and down the staircase to the boudoir.

No one had interrupted Mr. William's pleasant little interval with the newspapers and the sherry decanter; nobody had dreamt of his being there, and so nobody had made the interesting discovery that the door had been locked upon him. She turned the key quietly, and then burst into the room.

"Come at once, Mr. Williams—as quickly as you can! Bring the ink and pen and paper!"—snatching up some writing-materials herself from the table. "Follow me quickly! Lord Elwyn wishes to jot something down instantly; his mind might wander again. There is not a moment to be lost!"

The solicitor hurried after her. On the way they met Lady Elwyn.

"Do not come up-stairs yet, aunt; Mrs. Hyam has sent me to fetch Mr. Williams," she said, staying her aunt's progress. "He is to see him alone. She says he had better not see any one else for a few minutes."

"What is it, Lucille? You seem agitated. Nothing is wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, dear, no! Uncle has had a most refreshing doze, Mrs. Hyam says—he seems ever so much better; he is a little impatient to see Mr. Williams because he has kept him waiting so long. I am only out of breath with running so fast down stairs when Mrs. Hyam sent me. Have the Doctors gone?"

"No; the carriage is just coming round for Sir Augustus, and Doctor Grieves will take a lift in it as far as Clorchester—they are both having some refreshments. Perhaps it would be more civil if I went back myself and saw Sir Augustus off. Kathleen and Alfred are with him now; but perhaps I ought to go myself."

"Yes—do, aunt! These great Doctors are sometimes very touchy, and Sir Augustus might be hurt if you did not pay him every civility. Come, Mr. Williams!"

Lady Elwyn rustled down-stairs, and Lucille and the solicitor hurried on upwards. The delay of even those few words with her aunt—words that were necessary to her safety—were maddening to her.

What if Mrs. Hyam should have come back? What if her uncle should have changed his mind, and refuse in a calmer mood to believe her unsupported accusations against his child? What if he should insist upon seeing Kathleen and hearing from her own lips a vindication of her innocence? All then would be lost, and she would have slandered her step-cousin in vain!

Filled with apprehensions concerning these divers possibilities of defeat, she reached the door of the ante-chamber. It was still empty.

Mrs. Hyam had not yet therefore finished brewing her lotion in the housekeeper's room. Softly she pushed back the half-open door that communicated with the bedroom.

All was silent in the darkened room; only the flickering firelight played fitfully upon the wall and upon the crimson-satin hangings of the old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"Come!" she whispered, looking back over her shoulder at the lawyer; and he followed her into the room.

* * * * * *

It was six o'clock in the evening, and therefore pitch-dark.

Sir Adrian Deverell and Laurence Doyle—not the most congenial companions to each other—grew tired of strolling about outside with their cigars and the small-talk concerning the pheasants and the pointers and the setters, and the possibility of a change in the weather, and the chances of the renewal of hunting—got tired too of the platitude concerning Lord Elwyn's lamentable illness and of the contrast presented by the previous week's festivities to the present week's lamentations. They were mutually bored with each other, and each had a private load of trouble on his mind.

Sir Adrian was anxious about Kathleen—about her present sorrow and her future fate; and Laurie was anxious to get hold of Lucille and to win from her more of those expressions of her affection that had become so precious to his diseased and distorted mind.

They went into the house. The Doctors were swelling a hasty meal in the dining-room; the brougham was already at the door to take them away. Presently Lady Elwyn came down-stairs.

"My dear husband is much better," she said, pressing Sir Adrian's hand. "You have heard of course the report which Sir Augustus has given—he may get over this attack and live for years longer. After all, Adrian, perhaps your wedding need not be postponed for more than a month or so. When he is strong enough, Lord Elwyn will have to go away for a change to the South of France; then, when he comes back—— But why should not your wedding take place there quietly—at Cannes or Mentone? We could have a quiet affair—it would be less trying to our invalid. We must talk it over, Adrian."

"You are very kind; but I hardly how Lucille would like that sort of thing."

Laurance Doyle, to whom discussion concerning Lucille's marriage was gall and wormwood, took the practical step of sauntering away to find her. He opened one or two doors to see if she was in any of the down-stairs rooms; but she was no where to be seen.

"Hang it all," said Laurie to himself, "I can't stand another day of this sort of business—hanging about with my rival all day, and having to listen to all this talk about her wedding! Never a chance of a word with her have I had for two days; it's a little too much! Lucille can't expect me to stop here for nothing—it's beastly slow now the old boy is ill! I'll hook it to-morrow morning! She might have given me a hint this morning, and I'd have gone to her boudoir up-stairs. I could have managed to shake that chap off if she had."

He could not find her; so, in the worst of tempers, he turned into the billiard-room, lit a cigar, and began to look out a morning-train for himself in a *Bradshaw* which lay on the table.

Lady Elwyn, in accordance with her determination to "do the civil" and fulfil all the duties of hospitality towards the London physician, went into the dining-room where the great man was discussing partridges and Burgundy with the utmost of enjoyment.

Colonel Elwyn and Kathleen were whispering together in a window. The girl was no longer in despair; her affectionate heart rejoiced over the improvement in her father's state, no less over the possibility which his recovery held out to her of pouring her whole story into his ears, when he should be well enough to hear it, and so prevailing upon him to see that she could not marry Colonel Elwyn.

"Papa will not wish me to marry him when he learns the truth," she thought. "He will see that I must first get rid of Tom Darley's claims upon me. Perhaps he will pay him something to get out of the country; and then I shall be free—free! But I will never, never marry! Adrian is bound to another; and, unless I can marry him, I will never marry at all! I will devote myself entirely to my dear father, and all my existence shall be spent in watching him and tending him, so that his life may be prolonged. I heard Sir Augustus say he will have to be taken to a warm climate when he gets better. Perhaps Lady Elwyn, who has been so much kinder to me lately, will allow me to go with him. Perhaps she will remain here for Lucille's wedding, and I shall be able to escape from that day of misery."

And so her thoughts run on. Colonel Elwyn said tender things to her; but all she would say to him was:

"You know that I could not help giving you that promise. Be generous to me and do not speak of it now. When my father recovers, then——"

"Then we will speak of it again, Kathleen?"

She turned away in silence; her tongue was tied until she could confide all to her father.

"I will tell him everything," she thought, "and he will stand by me and help me out of my troubles."

It was at this moment that Lady Elwyn entered the room. She left the door slightly ajar behind her, and went up to the table to talk to the Doctors. Colonel Elwyn drew forward a chair for her and she sat down, and he too remained talking to Sir Augustus about Lord Elwyn's state. Kathleen stood in the window-corner listening to them.

Sir Augustus talked in a subdued and professional voice; Doctor Grieves ate the wing of his partridge and did not talk at all; Simpkins and one of the powdered twins crept about the room with noiseless footsteps.

There was a singular hush in the room; there was indeed almost a sense of oppression in the atmosphere—a something that, like a vast shadow of an unknown terror, brooded heavily over the great house. Afterwards Kathleen recollected those moments with a strange realisation of their meaning—recollected the sombre oak-panelled dining-room, unlit save by the wax candles on the table, its mysterious distance deepening into absolute darkness; the hushed voices; the creeping servants coming in and out of the gloom, and the curious effect of the candle-lit faces gleaming whitely against the darkness of the background. Then there fell a silence utter and absolute as that of grim death itself.

Suddenly, rending the stillness as a vividly as a flash of forked lightning, a wild weird scream arose far away in the distance of the quiet house.

Everybody sprang forward while shriek after shriek, coming nearer and nearer, rang through the house. There was a rush for the door, and a white-faced scared man dashed down the great staircase into their midst.

"For the love of Heaven, come at once!" he cried, catching at Sir Augustus Roll's arm, and staggering forward almost on to his knees. "Come, come—Lord Elwyn is dead!"

And rushing out into the hall, they all saw a white form flung over the balusters above—a woman with dishevelled hair and frightened face beating the air with struggling arms, uttering mad discordant cries, screaming, weeping, laughing hideously all in one, in the frenzy and despair of temporary insanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FUNERAL WAS OVER. With all due pomp and ceremony Edward Baldwin Lancelot, ninth Baron Elwyn, had been laid amongst his fathers in the family vault in Clorchester Cathedral, and Alfred Angus his cousin reigned in his stead.

The new lord had been kind and considerate in his treatment of his cousin's widow, and had entreated her to make Clortell Towers her home so long as it suited her to do so.

"In fact, until I marry I do not see why you should even contemplate a move," he had said to her courteously, when pressing her to remain.

"And you intend to marry soon, Alfred," inquired the widow.

"I shall certainly marry as soon as I can get Kathleen to fix a date; but I must of course give her time to recover from the shock of poor Edward's death."

Lady Elwyn shivered. Everybody knew the history of that terrible death-bed scene.

Mr. Williams had quite enjoyed the telling of the dreadful story, and far and wide had related it to his friends and clients, dwelling with careful minuteness upon its every detail.

He had told how he had been summoned up-stairs by Miss Maitland, presumably to make some alteration in his lordship's will, and how, as they crossed the threshold of the sick-room, a gaunt form arrayed in a white night-shirt had stalked towards them from the bed, and how, seizing Lucille by the hair and throat, Lord Elwyn had shaken her wildly and yelled forth hideous curses upon her.

"I think he mistook her for his daughter, with whom he must have had some quarrel," Mr. Williams was wont to explain; "for he kept on telling her she had disgraced him and bidding her go back to her lover at the farm."

Mr. Williams used to enlarge on the final scene, and tell how, foaming at the mouth and shouting out horrible imprecations, Lord Elwyn had been suddenly struck by a kind of fit brought on by the paroxysms of his rage, and had fallen back heavily, motionless and rigid, stone-dead upon the floor; whilst the unfortunate Lucille had fled shrieking along the passages, and had been out of her mind in a darkened room ever since.

The meanest scullery-maid at the Castle knew all about it quite as well as Lady Elwyn did, and was able to form her own theories on the subject of the causes of the poor man's death as clearly as she did.

With the horrible injustice which had always characterised her dealings towards her step-daughter, Lady Elwyn persisted in declaring that it was Kathleen who had been the indirect cause of her father's terrible death.

Some dreadful revelation concerning her had she declared, to evidently come to his ears, and he had sent for Mr. Williams to alter his will in consequence; but, before he could do so, the shock of the discovery he had made about her had turned his brain and had killed him.

That was how Lady Elwyn put it to herself and to those who surrounded her. She utterly refused to see Kathleen, shuddering violently and hiding her face in her hands whenever her name was mentioned.

"I look upon her as a murderess—as the worst form of murderess—a parricide!" she would cry. "And my poor Lucille is suffering in her stead, stricken down by brain-fever and by the curses that should have been poured, not upon her, but upon that wicked girl!"

She entreated Alfred not to marry her. It was no longer an object to her to get rid of the girl, and it maddened her to think she would step into the position which she herself was forced to resign.

But Alfred was not so foolish as to be moved by her arguments. Whether Kathleen had done anything dreadful or not—whether she had or had not been morally guilty of her father's death—mattered not one straw to the new lord, because that unaltered will of her father's held good, and therefore she inherited the bulk of his fortune intact.

That was a fact; all the rest was fancy. Lady Elwyn's jointure—a modest competence—was charged upon the estate, and Lucille's legacy, which her uncle had certainly meant to take away from her, had not been touched.

Alfred grudged that legacy to Lucille horribly, knowing that it was but by accident that it came to her; but everything else—and everything amounted to between ninety and a hundred thousand pounds in good solid securities—went to Lord Elwyn's daughter and heiress.

Alfred wisely deemed this to be quite good enough; and so he intended to keep Kathleen to her oath, to ignore and overlook those uncomfortable insinuations about her past misdemeanors, and to marry her as speedily as possible.

The money was too great a bait for him and he had not the smallest intention of letting it go from a question of mere sentiment.

"I can keep a pretty sharp look-out over my lady after I am married to her," he said to himself. "I'll take good care she has no occasion for tripping when once she is my wife! As to this old mystery, it will come in very usefully, no doubt, to keep her in order with."

But he meant to marry her all the same.

Meanwhile poor Kathleen was a prey to the uttermost misery and wretchedness. Thoroughly unhappy at her father's death, distressed beyond measure by the terrible accusations brought against her by her step-mother, and filled with horror that she could for one moment be held responsible for the death of the dear father for whose sake only she had been guilty of making a promise which she never intended to fulfil, she felt that she was now in a far worse position and in a more dreadful dilemma than at any other previous time in her life.

For days after her father's funeral Clortell Towers was indeed a house of woe and mourning.

Lucille was seriously ill, lying in a darkened room, light-headed and in a high fever; Lady Elwyn kept to her own apartments, and refused to see her step-daughter or to listen to her repeated entreaties that she would at all events grant her one interview.

Sir Adrian had gone up to London on business, and the time of his return was uncertain; whilst Laurence Doyle had very properly taken his departure by the very same train that conveyed Sir Augustus Rolls back to London on the night of Lord Elwyn's tragic death.

As to the new Lord Elwyn, Kathleen did not regret—indeed she experienced a feeling of thankfulness—that he was so immersed in important affairs as to take but little notice of her.

But the upshot of it all was that the poor girl was utterly and entirely alone in these days of her bitterest unhappiness. No one comforted her, no one helped her, no one even essayed to lighten the burden of her sorrow by endeavoring to change the current of her miserable thoughts.

One day, arrayed in deep mourning garments, she crept out by herself for a solitary ramble in the winter-stricken park. She walked aimlessly across the gray colorless grass and the brown debris of the withered bracken; her feet and skirts got very wet as she passed amongst the dank and sodden dead leaves, and the wind shivered coldly and moaningly about her bent form, whilst it failed to quicken into color the blanched outlines of her sad face.

Presently she found herself wandering by the side of a large wood that stretched upwards along the slope of a hill; she had reached one of the best of the pleasant coverts on the estate.

Through the dense undergrowth of nut and alder bushes broad paths had been cleared along which many a party of sportsmen had walked on bright winter days when the beaters were driving the pheasants to their doom before the guns. Now all was silent and deserted.

The new lord had not begun shooting again since his cousin's death, and the keepers had the woods to themselves for the present.

Kathleen sat down upon a fallen log close to the entrance of the woods, and became lost in her own unhappy thoughts and in forebodings concerning her future life.

"After all, I had better marry Tom Darley," said the poor girl to herself, with tears in her eyes. "I should be afraid to marry anybody else whilst he holds me to my engagement with him; and I shall be homeless apparently, for Lady Elwyn will not forgive me, and I cannot live with her in London; nor can I live here with Alfred Elwyn. I shall be thrown alone upon the world; it will be better for me to end it all and marry Tom. I have money; I might improve him perhaps—take him abroad and travel; we might indeed settle in some other country—in Australia or in New Zealand, where people do not inquire into a man's origin and where a little roughness is forgiven. Tom at least has loved me constantly and devotedly; he has good in him, although he is common and rough; no one else on earth really wants me. Alfred Elwyn does not love me, though he wishes to marry me, but I do not think it is for myself, but for the money my poor father has left to me. I should not be happy as his wife; perhaps even I should be happier with Tom. We could take a large farm—everybody farms in New Zealand—and he could have plenty of occupation, and we could ride and drive and lead a healthy out-of-door life. Tom would soften and improve, no doubt, and I—I could perhaps forget if I were on the other side of the world."

At this point of her meditations she heard voices approaching her on the outside of the wood, and through the opening of the path where she sat she saw two men in corduroy suits and leather gaiter walking together on the farther side of the hedge. They carried guns and game-bags, and were evidently keepers—one of them, in fact, she knew quite well; his name was Burgess, and he had been head-keeper for many years on the estate, and was a respectable middle-aged man.

Kathleen drew back a little into the shelter of the trees, not desiring at such a time to be forced to address the man or to listen to any words of sympathy which he might deem it necessary to speak to her.

She remained concealed and sat very quiet, and as they went by, she overheard a fragmentary portion of their conversation.

"He's tried for it two or three times afore, Bill," said Burgess—"once more nor three year ago, and once about three months back; but his late lordship wouldn't have him. Can't think why, I'm sure. He's a respectable young man too—comes from down my old mission's way; she knowed all about 'un. Seen better days, you know, and lost 'is money; but the old lord 'e wouldn't have 'un."

"And 'e's got it now, ye say, Burgess!" inquired Bill.

"Yes—got it right enough. I went myself to the Colonel this very morning in the gun-room, and says I, 'Colonel'—that is my lord, in course, 'this 'ere man wants the place, and I can speak for 'un as being suitable to the place;' and my lord says, 'Do as you like, Burgess—any man you recommend in course I'd take on your word; only, as went another, see as there's another afore next week.' That I will 'an'some' of his lordship, you know, Bill—show confidence in me, ye see!"

"Ay, ay, and shows he be comin' out again arter this week, don't it? And a good job tho—these coverts want shootin', and nobody can sit and grieve for ever over a dead man is buried."

"Right ye are, Bill; and so I says."

The voices died away in the distance. Kathleen had heard every word; but the whole conversation was profoundly uninteresting to her. She had listened indeed with her outward ears; but the words had made no impression upon her inward mind.

She was destined to recall them later on and to realize when too late their terrible significance.

When the two keepers had passed completely out of sight, she rose and went slowly down the hill-side towards the Castle. On her way between herself and the gardens lay the lake.

The beautiful sheet of water looked cold and gray and lifeless beneath the winter skies. There were no boats upon it; even the swans had vanished; and the little islet in the centre, which in summer was like a green gem starred with gay flowers, was now bare and colorless and gray.

The borders of this lake were laid out with winding paths and shrubberies, so that it was at all times a favorite walk with the family at the Castle.

It should not therefore have been a very great surprise to Kathleen when, on turning a corner of the winding path, she found herself suddenly face to face with Sir Adrian Deverell.

The color however rushed in a hot wave to her pale face at the sight of him, and the light of a wholly uncontrollable joy leapt up into her startled and delighted eyes.

"Oh, you have come back then?" she cried as she put out both her hands to greet him.

"An hour ago. I was wondering where on earth you had hidden yourself."

So he had come out to look for her! she thought, with a guilty gladness. He took her hand and passed it within his arm, keeping it a prisoner there with his other hand.

"You are tired? No? Then let us walk a little while and talk;" and he turned round with her by the margin of the lake.

"You have heard the last news of Lucille, I suppose?" she inquired, in order to conceal her embarrassment.

"Yes—much better, the nurse says. She is conscious—slept well last night, and has taken a sufficient amount of nourishment all day. Lucille will soon be well. It is of you I wanted to speak. Kathleen, what is going to become of you?" he asked, looking at her earnestly and anxiously.

She gave no answer beyond a low sigh.

"Your future is terribly on my mind, dear! I have seen Lady Elwyn; she is very hard and bitter against you. I fear, even if she consented to it, you would not find a happy home with her."

"Oh, no, no! She has refused to see me; she will do nothing for me!"

"Kathleen, what was the history of that dreadful night?" he asked.

"I do not know, Adrian."

"You mean that nothing said or done by you had any bad influence upon your poor father's state?"

"Nothing, as there is a Heaven above us, Adrian—I never said one word to grieve or upset him! We had parted on the very best of terms; just before the London Doctor saw him he had kissed me fondly and called me his dear child. I am glad to think of it now," she added, in a voice choked with tears.

Adrian pressed tenderly the hand he held.

"And yet," he said, after a few moments, "it is quite certain that he did receive some horrible shock which, as the Doctors had predicted, proved fatal to him. He was going on so well—they were so full of hope—some untoward accident must have occurred! Kathleen, can you think what it was?"

"I do not know," she answered very sadly.

"But you can guess?" persisted Sir Adrian.

She shook her head. Kathleen was not of the nature which can slander an enemy on suspicion, more especially an enemy who could not defend herself.

At the bottom of her heart she thought she knew what it was that Lucille Maitland had done; but for an empire she would not have spoken the words that would have blackened her so fearfully in Adrian's eyes. But Adrian himself was not without suspicions.

"Can you imagine what it was that Lucille had to do with it?" he asked in a low voice.

"I only know what Mr. Williams has said to everybody," she answered sadly—"that my poor father rushed at them both as they entered the room and showered upon her curses which were meant for me, and that he fell back dead before their eyes. Oh, I cannot think they were meant for me, those curses! I had done everything he wished so that nothing should trouble or agitate him!"

"My poor child, it is terrible for you!" he murmured compassionately. "But Lucille——"

"Remember that Lucille has been ill and delirious ever since—she has been able to give no explanation of what happened. When she is better, she may be able to throw some light upon the terrible end of my dear father's life. You, Adrian—you, at least, do not believe me to be so wicked as Lady Elwyn declares I am—do you, Adrian?"

"My dearest Kathleen, who that knew you could think so? I want to ask you one question—one only. Do you think it possible that Lucille saw your poor father alone between the time that the Doctors left him and the time that she fetched Mr. Williams to his room? And how do you account for the fact of her being the messenger sent to find him?"

Kathleen thought deeply for some moments; then she sighed.

"No," she said, with decision, "I do not think it possible. Mr. Williams's account is clear. She came down and told him that Mrs. Hyam had sent her for him. Lucille could have seen only the nurse. I suppose she had gone to his door to inquire—we were all anxious, you remember?—to learn the verdict of Sir Augustus."

"And Mrs. Hyam never left your father?"

"Oh, never—of course not!"

"Where is Mrs. Hyam?"

"In London, I believe. She went away that very night by the last train."

"I wonder if I could get her address from Doctor Grieves?" mused Adrian, half to himself; but Kathleen did not hear him.

"Do not, I pray you, dwell upon this sad topic any longer!" she entreated. "It makes me so miserable; and nothing can alter what has happened. It makes no difference, save that Lady Elwyn refuses to give me a home with her."

"And does not that make all the difference, Kathleen? What on earth is to become of you? What are you going to do?"

She grew very pale; she stood still upon the path, and, drawing her hand gently but firmly from his, faced him in silence.

"Kathleen, they tell me that you are going to marry Alfred," he said to her, in a low voice.

"I promised my father to do so."

"Are you going to keep that promise?"

She raised her eyes to his. She saw that he was no less agitated than she was; he too was pale and trembling. Their eyes met—there was anguish in the intensity of that look. Before she could answer his question, a torrent of words broke impetuously from his lips.

"Heaven knows that it is hard enough for me to say so—that it half breaks my heart to give you such advice—that the day that will see you another man's wife will be the burial-day of all that can be called life in my heart; but, for all that, I must think of you and not of myself, Kathleen! My darling, I want to tell you that I have tried—tried hard—to get her to set me free; but she will not, Kathleen—she will not! She wants my wretched money and my name, and the place which unfortunately is mine! If I were a poor younger son without a penny, she would not want me; but because of this accursed wealth, which I cannot get rid of, she will not let me go. If I were poor, I should be free—free to love you, Kathleen! As it is—as it is, I dare not even picture so sweet a dream to myself!"

He bent his head and buried his face between his hands, and for a few seconds great tearless sobs, terrible to witness in a strong man, shook his whole frame. It was but for a second or two, during which she stood helpless and terrified with her hand on his arm, and then he drew himself up bravely, and threw back his head.

"Enough—enough of this shameful weakness!" he cried brokenly. "It is unmanly to break down like this! Strength will no doubt come to me to bear my burden. It is of you, my child, that I would speak—of your life—of your future. Kathleen, I think you had better keep your promise to your father and marry Alfred Elwyn."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MILTON was once asked why, in certain countries, kings were crowned at fourteen but not married until they were eighteen. "Because," answered the poet, "it is more difficult to govern a woman than a kingdom."

REASON is the eye for the whole inward man. It sees for conscience; it sees for love; it sees for hope; it sees for personal affection; it sees for every emotion.

ONWARD!

BY J. H. E. B.

Onward's the word now the nations among,
Freedom is stealing a march of the strong,
Those who would fain, if they dared, lag behind,
Forward are spurr'd by the mass of mankind!

No going backward, nor yet standing still,
For any, however inclined be their will,
The retrograde movement is over and past,
And the cry universal is, "Onward!" at last.

"Onward!" then, each of us—"Onward!" then all;
Liberty's watchword 'tis, Freedom's hale call;
From the mighty Equator resistless it rolls,
And's echoed through zone after zone to the Poles.

Might strains every sinew its right to gainsay,
But its rush is too strong for dominion to stay;
And bridle its impetus, tell me, who can,
Whilst "Onward!" 's the cry of the world to a man?

My First Brief.

BY J. K. LEYS.

CHAPTER V.

IT WAS THE MORNING OF LUCY Marchmont's trial. The Court had been sitting two days, and this delay had enabled me to find Mr. Davis's address. I had telegraphed to him a short account of the case, and earnestly begged him to come back and attend the trial. It was possible that, if he remembered Lucy's malady, he might turn up yet. I had met Serjeant Gubbings in conference the evening before, and of course I told him, and the pinky-faced young gentleman (whose name I had discovered was Mr. Buckley), the fact of Mr. Marchmont's picture being in the brooch, and what I hoped from the evidence of the doctor. The serjeant rather pooh-poohed the whole thing.

"Too flighty a sort of story, I'm afraid," he said. "The British jury likes something plain and sensible, and is apt to disbelieve any out-of-the-way tale. As to its being true or not true, that doesn't matter. The question is, What will a jury believe? We'll have to wait and see whether the doctor turns up, and if he doesn't, drop the sleep-walking story and do the best we can."

The serjeant was now sitting beside me in court; and we were waiting for proceedings to begin.

Suddenly a man opened a door on the bench and called out "Silence!"

Then the judge came in, while the bar rose and bowed. He bowed in return and took his seat, while an usher loudly proclaimed that the Court was open. I had caught a glimpse of Lucy, as she sat in a corner close to the dock ready to "surrender" when her name was called.

Below me sat Lady Pendrubyn's solicitor, Mr. Vane, a middle-aged gentleman in a correct black frock coat, with a great air of decorous shrewdness, and next to him was Mr. Buckley. Lady Pendrubyn, I learned, was waiting in an ante-room close by.

"We have arranged to take the case of Lucy Marchmont, m'lud," said Mr. Turnbull, the prosecuting counsel, "to oblige my friend Serjeant Gubbings."

The judge bowed very politely to the serjeant, and the serjeant bowed to the judge.

"Lucy Marchmont!" shouted the clerk of arraigns in an unnecessarily loud voice. She stepped quietly into the dock.

A thick veil was on her face; her head was held erect, but her eyes were on the ground.

In the effort to command herself she seemed almost haughty in her bearing.

"Lucy Marchmont! answer to your name. You stand indicted that, on the fifteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and seventy—you did feloniously steal, take, and carry away"—and the hateful charge was repeated.—"How say you, Lucy Marchmont, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

The voice was clear, but low—so low that it almost sounded like the voice of one conscious of her guilt.

The jury were sworn, and then Mr. Turnbull got up to open the case for the Crown.

He had hardly got through his second sentence when a stout, bustling man pushed his way up to Serjeant Gubbings and whispered to him.

The serjeant leaned over and whispered to Mr. Vane. Then he turned round to me.

"Look here," he said, "I'm afraid I shall have to leave you. I've a case coming on now in the Court of Appeal, and my junior can't be there. But you'll be all right. You really know more about the case than I do. I'll be back after lunch, in time to open our case."

So saying he disappeared.

I felt horror-struck. I had never managed the defence in a criminal case before, and I felt horribly incapable. I might spoil my own future—but that was nothing. I might bring ruin and disgrace upon Lucy. Oh! if she were to be convicted! I caught Mr. Vane's eye, as he turned and looked at me.

Evidently he was disposed to lay the blame of my leader's desertion upon my shoulders, and was thinking of the other Mr. Winter, who should have been sitting in my place.

Why had I not foreseen that this might happen, and suggested that Serjeant Gubbings should have two juniors? In an ordinary civil action I might have been nervous, but I would have felt at home; here, and with Lucy's fate resting on me, I felt sick with apprehension, almost unmanned.

I listened to Mr. Turnbull's voice, but I had no idea of what he was saying. My eyes happened to rest on two of the spectators who were sitting in the front of a kind of gallery opposite the jury-box. I was in a sort of mental stupor, and I watched them in a sort of unreal, mechanical way. One was an elderly man, lean and spare, with grizzled short grey hair and a heavy grey moustache.

From his display of shirt-front, I took him to be an American. His open, intelligent face, and the thin white hands that were clasped on the ledge before him, showed him to be a gentleman. He seemed to be watching the progress of the trial with intense interest.

Beside him sat a lady, evidently his wife, but I thought she was an Englishwoman; at least she was plumper than American matrons usually are. She, too, seemed to be hanging on Mr. Turnbull's words with keen anxiety.

Occasionally they would whisper a word or two to each other, as if they were commenting on the scene before them. I saw all this half-mechanically, as if I had no eyes or ears for what concerned me. But the short suspension of the strain seemed to do me good.

I pulled myself together; the fatal tremor at my heart ceased. And it was time, for Madame Barceau was being sworn. I turned to my brief and compared what she said with her evidence as given at the police court, noting any slight discrepancies that occurred. Substantially her story was the same as it was then.

"Let me see the brooch," said I in the middle of her examination.

It was handed to me—the false one—and as everybody was busy attending to what the witness was saying, I had no difficulty in exchanging it for the real one, under cover of the wide sleeve of my gown. I handed back the real brooch to the witness. Then I felt for my tiny pick-lock. It was safe in my waistcoat pocket.

Just before Mr. Turnbull sat down, the witness produced a letter from one of her pockets.

"I got this about a week ago," she said calmly.

"Let me see it," said the judge.

He read it and handed it down to Mr. Turnbull, who read it and smiled. I asked for it, and he gave it to me. It was an anonymous letter, hinting that a large sum might be forthcoming if Madame Barceau would return to the Continent before the trial.

Evidently it was the work of some indiscreet adviser of Lady Pendrubyn. I threw the letter back to Mr. Turnbull. But Madame Barceau saw that we meant to say nothing about the matter openly, and she was determined that it should not be passed over in silence.

"I should scorn to stop the prosecution," she cried in a loud voice, with a viperish look at poor Lucy. "I am not one to be bribed!"

"Silence!" I shouted furiously. "Of course, my lord," I continued again, "this is no evidence against my client. If some friend——"

"Certainly not, Mr. Winter," said the judge. "It cannot prejudice the prisoner, as she is not known to have anything to do with it. But it is a grave contempt of Court, as well as an attempt to compound a felony, and if the writer of that letter could be found, he, or she, would be most severely dealt with."

Small comfort this for poor Lucy, I thought! The evil had been done. The jury would make up their minds that she, or her friends for her, had tried to buy off the prosecutrix.

I looked again at Madame Barceau. She wore an air of outraged indignant virtue. How I hated the woman!

Lady Pendrubyn afterwards confessed that she had got a friend to write the letter for her.

"I thought it would save you," she said to Lucy, "and I could not bear the idea of your being sent to prison. And I knew you would not allow it, so that was why I did not tell you."

But now it was my turn to cross-examine Madame Barceau.

I began by putting one or two formal questions. Then I asked her where she got the brooch, and how long she had had it.

"My husband gave it to me as a wedding present, fifteen years ago."

"That you swear?"

"Yes. At least—well—perhaps it is twenty years ago. I was married very young, my lord."

His lordship smiled, and there was a small titter.

"But I must ask you to be particular—is it twenty years since you first had that brooch?"

"Yes."

The firm mouth was set, and the bold defiant eyes of Madame Barceau looked straight into mine. I pitied the late M. Barceau.

"What sort of looking man was your husband, Madame? Was he dark or fair?"

The witness was indignant.

She turned to the judge:

"My lord!" she said.

"I hardly see, Mr. Winter," he said in reply to her appeal.

"I have a reason, my lord," I said calmly. "Was your husband dark or fair, Madame?"

"Dark," she said.

"A dark man? Very good. Now Madame Barceau, you remember Miss Marchmont asking to see your brooch on the night you lost it?"

"On the night it was stolen—yes."

"Did she give as her reason for wishing to see it, that she thought it had been her mother's brooch, or like her mother's brooch?"

"No."

"Quite sure?"

"Certain."

"Did she say——"

"Stop!" said the judge, "I want to take that down."

While I waited for the judge's pen, my glance fell upon the American gentleman whom I had noticed before. He was sitting out of sight of the witness-box. He became quite excited; and was leaning over the ledge in front of him, and straining his body to try to get a peep at the witness, but as the Court was by this time very crowded, and he was wedged up at the end of the sort of pew he occupied, he could not manage it.

"Go on," said the judge.

"Did she say to you, or to Lady Pendrubyn—Lady Pendrubyn was there, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Did Miss Marchmont say to you, or to her, that if the brooch had been her mother's it had her father's picture at the back?"

"No."

"Sure of that?"

"Not that I remember."

"Has the brooch a picture in it?" asked the judge of me.

"Has it?" I repeated to the witness.

"Not that I know of."

"Not that you know of!" I echoed. "And you have had it twenty years?"

"Let me see the brooch," said the judge.

He took it, examined it carefully, and laid it down on his desk.

"What does all this matter?" he said to me, "unless you're going to prove that it was the prisoner's brooch. Even if you could show that it had once belonged to the prisoner's mother, that wouldn't give her a right to steal it—supposing she did steal it."

"Of course not, my lord," said I; "but I think I have asked all the questions I need to put."

I had wished to press Madame Barceau a little farther, but I thought it was not worth while risking the judge's getting impatient.

The other witnesses followed, and repeated the evidence they gave at the police-court.

I cross-examined them to the best of my ability, but without any particular result. I spun it out as long as I could, so as, if possible, to give Serjeant Gubbings time to come back and make the opening speech for the defence.

"That is the case for the prosecution," said Mr. Turnbull, as the last witness left the box.

"And I propose to adjourn for half an hour. I shall sit again at two o'clock," said the judge.

There was a considerable bustle, as everybody rose to leave the Court, above which could be heard the sing-song voice of the usher giving the oath to a policeman:

"You shall keep this jury in some safe and convenient place—you shall not suffer anyone to speak to them," and so forth.

Amid the bustle which followed, my attention was again directed to the American stranger.

He seemed inclined to speak to the Court. He even stood up, and cleared his throat, just as Mr. Justice Fairley disappeared through his private door, but the lady laid hold of the American's arm, and succeeded in pulling him down in his seat again.

I thought he was some eccentric who imagined he had a grievance, and was determined to address the Court about it, like the man in "Bleak House."

I turned round and saw a gaoler touch Lucy on the arm, and she turned to go below with him.

"Stop a moment!" I said; and I leant over the dock-railings and whispered to her, "Keep up your heart, darling, I have good hope, great hope. Serjeant Gubbings will be back in time for the closing speech at any rate."

"I had rather it were you," she murmured, as she left me.

"I'll send you some lunch; mind you promise to eat it!" I called after her.

And she, for all her sadness, tried hard to return my smile.

CHAPTER VI.

AT TWO O'CLOCK the Judge took his seat, and the serjeant had not come back. In my secret heart I was not sorry. I had begun the work, and I wished now to carry it through myself. The time had come for me to open the defence, the prosecutor's case having been closed before lunch.

I dared not, of course, say anything about somnambulism without a shred of evidence to support my statement. It was just one of those things which would be too dangerous to suggest. Mr. Turnbull would tell the jury that I was trying to humbug them, and they might, probably they would, believe him.

So I began very quietly by speaking of Miss Marchmont's parentage and her unblemished character. I said I would call only one witness on the point, but one whose testimony the jury would think equivalent to that of a score of ordinary witnesses, Lady Pendrubyn, in whose family Miss Marchmont had been living at the time of this unfortunate affair, and with whom she had been living until the very morning of the trial.

So far, I thought, I had made some impression on one old gentleman in the back row of the jury-box; and I determined to pay some attention to him a little later.

"And now, gentlemen, I will be frank with you. I admit that Miss Marchmont took that brooch from Madame Barceau's room to her own; but, gentlemen, I deny, I deny most earnestly, that she took it with the least idea of stealing it. The fact is, gentlemen, this brooch, which Miss Marchmont is accused of stealing once belonged to her mother. She mentioned this to Madame Barceau, and though the prosecutrix has somewhat singularly forgotten that circumstance, fortunately for Miss Marchmont, Lady Pendrubyn remembers it."

While I was repeating this statement, so that it might be duly appreciated by the jury, a fussy, bald-headed gentleman, sitting in front of me, kept talking to his neighbor rather loudly.

I caught the phrases—

"Such a rough passage!" "Waves right over the deck." "Tired? I should think I was tired!" "Overslept myself five or six hours in consequence." "Lucy that I ——"

"Hush! please, gentlemen don't talk so loud," I whispered, for their talk was putting me out.

"But although Miss Marchmont recognized the brooch," I went on, "she could not feel quite sure; she had not seen it since since she was a child. She wished to examine it privately, for she knew that if it really had been once her mother's brooch there would be found in it a portrait of her father, concealed in the back of the brooch. The plate is difficult to open, but I think it can be done."

Here I got the brooch, opened the back

of it, and then I handed it up to his lordship.

There was a dead silence in the building, and then that strange hum of half-repressed exclamations and long-drawn breath which the reporters call "sensation," while the judge carefully scrutinised the jewel, and then handed it down to the jury.

He was evidently puzzled. Of course he and everybody else assumed that Lucy had discovered the secret of the brooch before she was apprehended, and the inference was that it really had belonged to her mother, though this was by no means proved.

As for my share in the business, I was only too glad to go without any credit so long as no questions were asked. I did not know, (although I pretended to know some law,) what offence I had been guilty of in tricking the police out of the possession of the brooch. And I blessed the rule of law which peremptorily forbids the judge to ask any questions of the prisoner!

I had not mentioned the missing portrait of Lucy's mother, lest the jury should take it into their heads that the story was not true because it was not there.

While the jury were looking at the portrait and debating among themselves whether there was any likeness between it and the prisoner, the American gentleman whom I noticed before lunch stood up once more.

He seemed more eager to speak than ever, but once more his wife restrained him, and he sat down again without any one in authority noticing his strange conduct. As I was about to recommence my speech Lucy gave my gown a very gentle tug.

"That is Doctor Davis," she whispered, pointing to the bald-headed, fussy little man.

I was overjoyed, for I had long since given up all hope of seeing him. I bent down and asked him one or two hurried questions.

"But you will naturally ask, gentlemen why did not Miss Marchmont, go to Madame Barceau, tell her what she wanted, and borrow the trinket? If Madame Barceau and Miss Marchmont had been on terms of friendship, she would no doubt have done so, but she could hardly have asked one who was a perfect stranger, like Madame Barceau, to sit up while she examined the brooch, or to lend her so valuable a jewel."

I next referred to my client's strong desire to examine the jewel at her leisure, and then I spoke of her having been, as a girl, subject to somnambulism.

As I pronounced the word, Mr. Turnbull raised his eyebrows and threw a comical glance at the solicitor who instructed him, and one of the jurymen (an empty-headed looking fellow with thin sandy whiskers and an eye-glass) smiled openly.

I felt that this was very bad, so I labored the thing some little time, talked of the "irreproachable medical evidence" I would produce, and would not leave off till the facial expression of the smiling juryman was reduced to its normal condition of blameless idiocy.

Then I argued that the fact that Miss Marchmont had locked up the box was in her favor. It was just the sort of action, I said, that one might look for in a somnambulist, whereas a thief would know that a box would certainly be searched and would either have concealed it in some out-of-the-way corner, or have tried to smuggle it out of the house.

I finished my speech without any attempt at eloquence. That might keep, I thought, till my last address to the jury.

First I called Lady Pendrubyn, but as it took some little time to fetch her, the judge suggested that I should put the doctor into the box.

I did so, and he gave his evidence clearly and well. He had attended Miss Marchmont for somnambulism when she was about ten years old. She was benefited by his treatment, and the attacks gradually ceased. They might return at a later period of life under any abnormal excitement. Mr. Turnbull tried to shake the doctor in cross-examination on this last point, but unsuccessfully.

Then it was Lady Pendrubyn's turn. She turned out to be a nervous little old lady, with old-fashioned grey bob curls at the sides of her head.

Of course she spoke in the highest terms of Lucy's character, and she said she remembered distinctly Lucy's saying on the night before the brooch was taken that it was once her mother's, or was very like her mother's.

Just before she left the box she added nervously:

"As to Miss Marchmont walking in her sleep, my maid has told me——"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge. "Is your maid here?"

"Yes."

"Just ask her to step forward."

"She had better be sworn," he added, as a modest-looking girl came into the box.

"Now, what is your name?"

"Sarah Miller, my lord."

"Can you tell us anything about Miss Marchmont walking in her sleep, either that night at the Langham Hotel, or at any other time?"

"I've seen her do it several times lately. Not at the Langham Hotel; but at home there is a door between her room and mine, and three or four times at least I have seen her rise and get a book or a shawl and go back to bed without waking."

"'Three or four times,' you said; extending over how long?"

"Over six or seven years."

"When was the last time you saw this occurence?"

"About a year ago."

"Did you ever speak of it to Miss Marchmont?"

"No, my lord; my lady thought it would only distress her, and as it was very seldom, we hoped she would throw it off altogether soon."

This was better than I dared to hope. I cast a glance at the unsympathetic juryman, and rose to make another speech with some hopefulness.

"One moment, Mr. Winter," said the judge. "This brooch—I have been looking at it. It seems to me, there have been two pictures here at one time."

"I knew it!" shouted an eager voice. "My lord, I——"

"Silence, sir!" roared an usher.

It was the American, who had broke the bonds of his wife's restraint, and was on his legs, his arm outstretched, his fine old face burning with anxiety.

"What is it?" asked the judge coldly.

"I can give evidence in this case, sir. I believe I can identify that portrait."

"Oh, indeed. You had better come forward, then, and be sworn, that is, if neither side objects," he continued, looking down at us.

Neither of us spoke, and a glance I threw at Lucy told me nothing. Evidently she was surprised, and as for me, I was horribly anxious, and afraid that I ought to have objected to this strange evidence being given.

What if it should ruin our case, just when my hopes were highest! But the American had already begun to speak. He held the brooch in his hand.

"My name is Oliver Benson," he said. "I am a citizen of the United States and a Senator of the State of South Carolina. Hugh Marchmont was my cousin. That is his portrait. I had heard of this brooch, but I had never seen it till I heard that my cousin's things were to be sold, and I got an agent to buy it for me on account of the portraits. The other likeness was of Mrs. Marchmont—that young lady's mother. I have it still. The brooch was stolen from me, about seven years ago, by a servant named Thomas; at least, he and the brooch and some other things disappeared together. I am at present on a tour in England, and I spent the day here out of curiosity to see an English trial. Miss Marchmont's name naturally struck me. I meant to have spoken before, but I didn't know your ways, so I thought I'd better wait to the end. I couldn't make out how you did not speak of two portraits, but your remark brought things to a point; it did, sir."

This settled the case.

"Well, gentlemen," said his lordship to the jury, "if you believe the evidence for the defence—"

"Not guilty," said the foreman.

There was a little cheering among the people, which the Court affected not to hear, and then the Judge made a little speech to Lucy in which he regretted the pain and inconvenience she had suffered, and talked of her blameless character and the imperfect character of human justice, and so forth. But before the next case was called he ordered Madame Barceau to stand up.

"You said you had had this brooch twenty years," he said, turning over the pages of his note-book.

"Yes, my lord," said Madame, in a low voice, very different from that in which she had tried to swear away poor Lucy's fair name and liberty only an hour or two before.

"And all that time you never knew of the existence of this portrait?"

There was dead silence in the Court, as the answer slowly came:

"No."

"That is not incredible by itself. The spring opens in a very peculiar way, I see. But this gentleman swears it is his, and was in his possession till seven years ago. He produces the missing portrait. Now, do you wish to add to the account you gave us to how it came into your possession? You need not answer unless you choose. You are not bound to criminate yourself."

"I shall impound the jewel in the meantime," said the judge, "and leave Mr. Benson to prosecute if he chooses."

I may mention here that Mr. Benson did prosecute Madame Barceau, that she was proved to have received the jewel from the thieves soon after it was stolen, that she was convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

At this point, Serjeant Gubbings, followed by Mr. Vane, burst into the Court.

"Hullo! All over!" he exclaimed in a loud whisper.

Then he turned round and used some very uncomplimentary language to Mr. Vane, who had spent his time in alternately lending Lady Pendrubyn his comfort and support in her little waiting-room and rushing off to Westminister to implore the serjeant to come to the rescue of his unhappy client.

Well, it was over, and well over, and I felt exceedingly thankful. Yet I felt rather "out over it" as I picked up my papers and left the court, while Lucy was being surrounded by her friends, new and old. I was in the reaction, exhausted and miserable.

But next day came two lines from Lucy:

"Come and see me to-morrow at three exactly.—L. M."

Of course I went, and, as soon as the door was closed behind me, I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, darling," she whispered, "I owe it all to you—every bit to you—life, and freedom, and good name, and friends, and all!"

And to this day the absurd little thing believes that if I had not managed to discover the secret of the brooch these various good things would have been lost to her for ever.

We spent two hours of such happiness as comes to but few, and then only once in a lifetime. Then Uncle Oliver came in, and I was introduced to him and to his kind wife.

He loved his wife, and was a good husband to her, but the best part of his heart was withered when Hugh Marchmont married my Lucy's mother twenty years ago. He went to America then, and had not been back since.

He had many fine points about him, one I particularly admired being that he did not think it right that his cousin's daughter should go to the altar empty-handed.

I was fortunate enough to get a share of Simmons and Vane's business, and that smoothed our way wonderfully. In fact, I am told that Mr. Vane now considers me one of the greatest of living lawyers.

So we were married when the snowdrops came, and since that time no cloud has crossed our sky.

As for the brooch, Mr. Benson gave it to Lucy for a wedding-gift, but she has never cared to wear it. The associations connected with it were too painful.

"Jack," she said to me the other day as she held it in her hand, "we will take my father's portrait out and have it framed, and put in yours and mine instead, and our little one shall wear the diamond-brooch upon her wedding-day."

[THE END.]

PARIS EXPOSITION.—Many strangers have been speculating on the cost of the Paris Exposition. It amounts to $7,000,000; but when to this is added the various amounts expended by the French Ministerial Department from the funds placed at their disposal for the purpose of entertaining foreign guests and for other incidental outlays, and those by foreign Governments and individual exhibitions, the total, according to a rough estimate of the department of public works, cannot fall far short of $30,000,000. The expense of the glittering exhibition on the Champs de Mars in money was large, and so was its cost in life and limb. It is calculated that during the construction 6500 men were treated for injuries or for illness resulting from exposure; 300 workmen hurt their legs, 260 received severe injuries to their eyes from projecting timbers or bars of iron; 114 were scalded or severely burned, and 50 had their fingers cut off. The deaths from falls are put down to the modest figure of 24; but it is believed that they were far more numerous.

Scientific and Useful.

AUTOMATIC MACHINES.—In the race with automatic machines, Paris has put herself in the lead with a machine exhibited the other day there. You brought with you a penny and a cup. You parted with your penny, dropping it into the accustomed slot, and your cup was full of steaming black coffee, judiciously sugared.

CHLOROFORM.—In France if a patient who is under the influence of chloroform shows any signs of heart failure, he is held head downward till he is restored. It is said that this method never fails, and many operating tables in France are now so constructed that the lower end can be elevated at a moment's notice.

THE PROGRESS OF INVENTION.—A new machine has been set to work at Naples, on a man-of-war. With the help of this machine, the damage which the ship has undergone can be found out, as well as the speed and direction—in one word, all the different movements which a ship has been obliged to undergo, either on account of the winds, or through any other reason. With this machine, the commander can from his cabin watch all the movements of the ship.

FLEAS IN DOGS.—Fleas trouble dogs, and one of the best remedies is the following:—Rub colza or common olive oil into the coat, saturate the hair with the oil to the surface of the skin, let it remain on for half-an-hour, then well wash out the oil with best yellow soap and lukewarm water. A small portion of any sweet oil brushed into the coat of a woolly dog, will prevent its being infected with vermin. Insects of every kind have a "life and death" dislike to grease in any form.

FOR HICCOUGH.—A physician reports, the case of a man, aged 54, who suffered for five days and nights from hiccoughs. After trying all the ordinary measures without avail, the writer fell back upon a household remedy as a last resort, and ordered a teaspoonful of pulverized sugar wet with an equal volume of wine vinegar, to be taken at one dose. The hiccough stopped immediately, and did not return for six hours, and then ceased again upon a second dose of the remedy.

Farm and Garden.

DOGS.—A well-trained shepherd dog is a good piece of property. An untrained one is of no value about sheep or cattle.

THE POULTRY.—Old broken china or crockeryware should be pounded and given to the hens. It makes excellent grit for grinding the food in the gizzard.

ICE.—A good but not necessarily an expensive ice-house, well-filled each winter, is a great aid to the summer dairy. We do not approve of putting ice directly into the milk or cream, although many do it. Aside from other considerations, ice is seldom pure enough to be used in this way with safety. It is better to use it in some form of refrigerator.

BUTTER AND COLOR.—Should butter be colored? The oleomargarine makers claim that if their product should be sold on its merits only the same rule should apply to butter, the coloring of which is done to hide its white appearance, and that it deceives the buyer by inducing him to purchase colored butter for yellow butter uncolored. Honesty, they say, applies to the color as well as the article.

COWS AND WATER.—Cows that yield largely of milk drink water freely, and it should be provided for them at all hours; but if the water is very cold the cow will be chilled, as she must warm the water with the animal heat of the body. Water in winter should, therefore, be warmed in some manner. Some cows will refrain from drinking water as long as possible if water is cold, and, consequently, fall off in yield of milk.

SHOED OR UNSHOED.—A physician of our acquaintance who has a large practice where roads are of very hard gravel, and who drives his horses very hard at times, has worked them for several years without shoes and with advantage. Of course draft horses drawing heavy loads over stony or very hard roads or pavements need heavy shoes with calks, but there are many farm horses in the country that we believe would be more serviceable as well as comfortable without shoes, except in icy weather.

MR. GREEN—"Do ladies ever tell their ages to each other?" Miss Cute—"Certainly not. They know better."

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Of Old Times.

It is man's prerogative to be possessed of the gift of history and to interest himself in ancient things. He "considers the days of old."

The instinct which lies at the bottom of every historic study is a feeling which we and the world of to-day have developed out of the old time that was before us.

The due understanding of the past is but a deeper way of looking at the life that now is.

Every part of our modern appliances is the outcome of an innumerable succession of things that led up to it.

The genius who startles the world with a "new" discovery simply avails himself of materials which previous hands have prepared for his use, and passes them on in a more highly developed form.

If, for example, we take the modern printing press, with its marvellous adjustments of mechanism, it is pointed out to us how this or that factor of the machine is an "improvement" on something earlier; and so our thoughts are led back step by step farther than the time when Caxton or Gutenberg put his blocks of letters together and produced printed words; while, if we place ourselves in imagination in Caxton's printing office, it is only to look back still farther to the things from which he and his opportunity had in turn been evolved.

This "looking back" is not only a necessity in the promotion of man's material progress, but belongs at the same time to the finer, the poetic instincts of life; and it would be surprising if it did not possess a profound fascination for many thoughtful minds.

The historian, the antiquary, and in another way the scientific student of nature, all find their varied interest in that past world from which we have grown to be what we are.

It is not a dead past. Its voices are not mere echoes from the tombs. If "a primrose by the river's brim" is to the poet something more, so to the instructed and thoughtful student of antiquity is even a fossil something more than a fossil.

There is in the past a perennial revelation. It is part of the grand, silent procession of a Life which has no beginning and no end, which remakes the blood and changes the frame, and which for the moment is ours.

The main interest of the past, as of everything in life, centres in man, and in the question how man has acted.

The average person does not go very far back in this retrospection. In this country his history begins with the Revolution, which to him is real history.

He dimly knows that there was an old world of Greeks and Romans; an old world of Hebrews and Egyptians; but his thought about such things is so touched with the "far off" color, that they might as well belong to mythology altogether.

Most intelligent persons know in some measure that such figures have gone before them and had a hand in making the world; and if there is too much of "royalty" in the retrospect, it is partly from the fact that the king stood for more in the old days than he stands for now, and partly because we learned our history in "bad form."

The conception of the subject has enlarged; we begin to know that it was not only the privileged few at the top of the social scale that framed our destiny, but the work and life of common men, whose names perhaps did not outlast their little day.

The march of improvement is imperious, at times ruthless; everything has to go before the destruction which is regarded as necessary to the progress of mankind.

But the conception of what is necessary, it may be hoped, is becoming more enlightened, and a more reverent sense is growing up as to the honor due to ancient landmarks.

If it be necessary that we should get our letters by the first post, or dine and do our sleeping while the train bears us along at express speed, yet it is even more necessary that we should know something of the long chain of things of which our lives form the link now being wrought on the anvil of time and change.

More and more, in proportion as "the old order changes, giving place to new," the relics of that past are invested with poetic and religious value, as they make their mute appeal.

And their mission is not only to serve as the skeleton at the feast of life, and fill us with the pause and sadness of mortality, but to teach us the lesson that we should do our best in forwarding the march of the earth and of its kind.

WHEN we are truly humbled by the distressing effects of evil, and love has gained a complete victory over the spirit of wrath in our own hearts, we can easily overlook offences against ourselves; and shall then so sympathize with and pity the offenders as sincerely to desire they may partake of the mercy we have experienced. Till this state of mind is arrived at, whatever our attainments in other respects may be, we are certainly yet short of the mark.

WHO would tread upon a worm, or wantonly crush a butterfly, or kick a dog if he were vividly realizing the pain he was inflicting? And, still more, who would wound a fellow-being by word or deed or look, who would oppress the poor, cheat the ignorant or despise the feeble, if the distress they created was ever present before them? So true is it that "Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart."

GOOD MANNERS must have a solid foundation in kindness and self-control. To be genuine, they must be the fruit of sincerity and good feeling; and their exercise must be in conformity with the working of these qualities in the heart. No heart can successfully counterfeit true elegance of manner and deportment. To be real, they must have roots deep below the surface in the soul and heart.

IT is of faith that God always answers right prayers, and in a way and in a degree beyond our most enthusiastic expectations; but He does not yet let us see how. We must take it on faith. We are quite sure that, in the long run, we shall not be disappointed.

IT has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.

WORK and relation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare.

A MAN must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.

THE peculiarity of folly is to see the defects of others without remembering its own.

IN doing what we ought we deserve no praise, because it is our duty.

NOTWITHSTANDING the confusions in this latter day are uncommonly great, it is presumable, from the abatement of persecution on account of religion, that the light of truth is secretly gaining the ascendency in the world; for as light increases, the objects which darkness conceals become more and more visible.

AS most of our temporal advantages and gains accrue to us from the disappointments and losses of others, it seems reasonable to expect, from the principle of love, that it should continually incline us to lessen the inequality, by taking the weights out of the scale of prosperity and putting them into that of adversity.

CONTENTMENT is more often the attendant of a moderate than an abundant share of the good things of this life; the trouble and care which the management of much requires being commonly greater than the comfort it affords.

THERE is nothing formidable about death but the consequences of it, and these we ourselves can regulate and control. The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.

IT is mere pride that makes us pretend to despise those who offend us; for if they did not vex us, we should be unmoved by their attacks, and might pity them for being so ill at ease with themselves.

THOSE afflictions which have their proper effect, and humble us into true resignation, are like storms which drive rightly directed vessels onward to their designed ports.

MANY new years you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These virtue, honor and knowledge alone can merit, alone can produce.

A WRONG act followed by just regret and thoughtful caution to avoid like errors, makes a man better than he would have been had he never fallen.

IT is well the book of life is opened to us page by page. Were all the hard lines bared at once the task would be too hard to master.

THE ambition of youth looks forward to the triumphs of age, while gated age turns back a wistful eye along the rosy path of youth.

HE who loveth a book will never want a faithful friend, a wholesome counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.

DELAY and procrastination, indolence and indecision, are effectual robbers of time and defrauders of men's purposes.

THE only faith which wears well and holds its colors in all weather is that which is woven of conviction.

WE often speak of being settled in life. We might as well talk of casting anchor in the midst of the atlantic.

ONE part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.

THERE is a modesty in pure desires after excellence which affectation can never counterfeit.

MEN are always murmuring at the hardships of this world; yet now they dread to leave it!

No condition so low but may have hopes; none so high but may have fears.

To persevere in one's duty, and to be silent, is the best answer to calumny.

HE that will not sail till he have a full, fair wind, will lose many a voyage.

THE best solace of affliction, next to religious trust, is necessary labor.

IN base minds worth begets envy; in great souls, emulation.

HE that giveth, let him do so with cheerfulness.

The World's Happenings.

The consumption of tobacco is said to be increasing in France.

Mrs. Harrison says the stare of the crowd is one of the trials of her life.

Diamond rings are being turned out by machinery at cheaper than the old-time prices.

A Hoboken, N. J., man, who kissed a woman in the street against her will, has been fined $50 and costs.

While a man out in Missouri was blowing up stumps he unearthed a can containing $750 in gold and silver coin.

An Ohio man who has been married three times was compelled to elope each time on account of his unpopularity with the parents.

A cat belonging to a resident of Waretown, N. J., died a few days ago, after having been a pet in the household for 17 years and 7 months.

Mrs Ogden Goelet, of New York, is ill with typhoid fever, and is being treated by cable by a French specialist who cured her sister of the same malady a year ago in Paris.

It has always been a characteristic of the French to increase but slowly in numbers, but there were fewer births in the country last year than in any year during the century.

Mark Jobes, a 10 year old hunter, was killed recently, by the accidental discharge of his gun, at the very spot, near Rahway, N. J., where last summer he fell and broke both legs.

Some scoundrel at Ventura, Cal., has shot the noble Irish setter that went through the surf to the wreck of the Gualala two years ago and brought a life-line ashore, thus saving every one on the vessel.

A New Bedford clergyman, who has been in service a long time, advertises 700 sermons for sale, covering all subjects, and applicable to any locality. He only wants $1 a piece for the lot if taken in a lump.

Silk thread is soaked in acetate of lead to increase its weight, and persons who pass it through the mouth in threading needles, and then bite it off with the teeth, have suffered from lead-poisoning.

Prior to 1829 all ballots used throughout the States were written. The first printed ballot was used in Massachusetts in 1830 by David Henshaw and was refused. It took a decision of the Supreme Court to establish its validity.

In the wonderful wine cellar under the Hotel de Ville, in Bremen, there are twelve casks of holy wine, each cask inscribed with the name of one of the apostles. This ancient wine was deposited in its present resting-place 285 years ago.

Fort Keogh, Montana, has the widest range of temperature of any place on earth. Last summer the thermometer ranged from 120 to 130 degrees above, while recently it marked 68 degrees below zero—a total range of 195 degrees.

Reutlingen, Germany, has a weaving school. At Reutlingen, operatives lunch at 10 and from 12 to 1, and have afternoon rest from 3 to 3 30 and supper at 7. Singing is always to be heard; and the operatives, especially the girls, are pictures of health and beauty.

Be careful how you address your letters to Washington. Washington is a State; Washington is a city in the District of Columbia; Washington is the name of nearly forty towns in different States, and besides all these there are a Washington Bay, a Washington Borough, etc.

The new Mayor of Birmingham, at a meeting of the Diocesan Church of England Temperance Society, said that from inquiries he had made at Somerset House he found that out of 689 shareholders in local breweries 154 (or more than one-sixth) were clergymen and women.

The consumption of horse flesh in Berlin is increasing. Last month the Berliners ate 816 horses, against 810 in November, 1888. For various reasons, however, the working people of the Prussian capital do not eat so much horse as the poorer classes of other German cities.

An American autograph hunter wrote a letter to each of the persons whose autograph he coveted, describing himself as a shipowner, and asking permission to name his next vessel after the particular celebrity he was addressing. It was a fatal trap. Nearly every one fell into it.

Women who are accustomed to travelling now carry robes and blankets on the cars precisely as they do on the steamships. They unstrap them and use them during the daytime to throw over their skirts whenever they feel like putting their feet on the seats in front of them in the parlor and sleeping cars.

The King of the Warramangas, an Australian tribe, died last month in the Adelaide Hospital. He was a boy of 19, 5 feet 6 inches in height, and had for several years been a guide to an explorer named Lindsay, to whom he was much attached. When he became king last year he refused to take his royal rank.

A terrific fight between an eagle and a farmer named Frank Engleman is reported from near Nashville, Ind. It lasted an hour, and twice Engleman attempted to run, but each time the great bird threw itself in the way and prevented his retreat. At length he caught it by its talons and succeeded in slaying it. The bird measured 8 feet 4 inches from tip to tip.

A Washington paper announces the reception days observed by the various branches of official society. Monday—By the wives of Justices and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court. Tuesdays—By the wives of Representatives. Wednesdays—By the wives of Cabinet officers. Thursdays—By the wives of Senators. Fridays and Saturdays—By the residents of the West End.

Are women more charitable than men? The London street sweepers don't think so. One of them on being asked his opinion replied that it was no use asking ladies for a gratuity; they never did and never would give a poor man anything. Another said that a lady occasionally gave him a penny when her purse was handy. And still another said that he never heard of a lady even noticing a poor street sweeper.

A WOMAN'S POWER.

BY S. S.

Whisper'd words are sweet, love,
Sweet and strong;
Must I leave thy feet, love—
Join the throng,
Where the heart is rack'd, love,
Tempted, tried?
Tell me how to act, love—
Be my guide!

Think a little while, love,
Ere you speak—
Just a little smile, love;
Oh, how weak!
All my firmness flies, love,
Fades away;
Tell me with your eyes, love, I
Shall I stay?

His Last Card.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

SCENE—a green, perfectly-kept lawn sloping to the Thames from a wide, low cottage orne, with large French windows and climbing roses, the open space studded with graceful trees and beds of mignonette; at the other side of the silently flowing river a rising ground, thickly wooded; over all the radiance of a beautiful June morning, tempered by a silvery haze, which presaged a glowing day.

To and fro along a low embankment, against which the current of the stream washed gently, two men paced side by side.

The elder short and broad, with wide round shoulders, an honest red face and sandy hair. The younger tall and strongly built, much embrowned by sun and wind, with deep, dark eyes and thick, wavy brown hair.

His expression was troubled, impatient, almost angry. His step was firm, his air distinguished. Neither looked like a civilian, yet neither had the stiff carriage of a soldier.

They had not spoken for a few seconds, when the elder said:

"If you are going to make a clean breast of it, Val, you have no time to lose. I must catch the nine forty-five train, and you'll have no other chance."

"Well, here goes!" said the other, with an effort. "I do not know that it will do much good, but I should like to hear your opinion. I am in a devil of a mess, Tracy."

"I thought as much!" ejaculated Tracy.

"Just a toss up whether I go to the dogs or not. I am deeper in debt than you think. I could pay up—nearly pay up—but I should be penniless. I am, as you know, hopelessly in love—ay, worse than ever. It was a bad day for me when I met Julia Freke."

"I don't know much about your hopelessness," interrupted Tracy; "she don't seem inclined to be cruel."

"It's not that; but can I drag her down to penury?"

"By Jove! she'll take care you don't."

"Oh, I know what you think! You are unjust. Well, in this dilemma I forced myself to ask help from my rather eccentric cousin Clavering, our good host. By heaven! I never thought I could bring myself to eat such dirt. He is a gentleman, though, and spoke kindly enough. But unfortunately, as I feared, he has set his heart on marrying me to Norina. He is devoted to her, in spite of his cold, hard exterior. She is, you know, sole daughter of his house and heart. There was a time, when she first left school, when I should not have said no. I had not met Julia then. Now——"

He threw out his hand with an expressive gesture.

"Well," he resumed, "I told him it was infernally awkward, I did not relish the arrangement, that, in short, my heart was gone in another direction. He grinned—you know his sardonic grin?—and asked if I were bound in honor, I told the truth, that I were free, but my own feelings bound me. He sneered a little, and pressed me hard to ask Norina, promising that if she refused he would consider me free and pay my debts, nay, more, make a fresh will and leave me a slice of his property. Still, though I am pretty sure Norina would refuse, I could not pretend to love her when I am crazy about another woman; besides, she is as keen a hawk. So I refused that too. Clavering told me to take twenty-four hours to consider the question, and if I still declined, to pack up my traps and leave, for he would discuss the matter no more. So I'll join you to-morrow in town and see what I can arrange. Lord Charles promised me a berth in the expedition that's going to reinforce our fellows in Egypt. I'll jog his memory."

"Val Hastings, you are an awful fool!" exclaimed Tracy. "You are throwing away fortune. Here's an uncommon nice girl and a lot of money to be had for the taking, and you, caught by a will-o'-the-wisp, blinded and bedevilled, won't put out your hand! Miss Clavering may not be one of your regular beauties, but she is the most graceful girl I ever came across. By George! I admire her soft paleness a deuced deal more than the Honorable Julia's blaze of color. Then, what a pair of eyes—they are real deep blue—they can tell every shade that crosses her mind, ay, and can read yours, too—then, if I wasn't a confirmed, dry-salted bachelor, I'd fall in love with those rich loose coils of pale golden-brown hair. She is a quiet little mouse, but there's good stuff in her, I'll swear to it!"

"Yes, she is a good girl. She need to be prettier. When she first came back from school she had a delicate color, and somehow was less shy. Her father ought to take her out more and give her a chance. Why, she was twenty last April, and he keeps her shut up here with that awful old Scotchwoman."

"Who was the mother—the late Mrs. John Clavering?"

"A Canadian. There was some story attached to her; she was a widow, I think. I believe she died when Norina was born or shortly after. At all events, Clavering has lived a secluded life ever since."

"Hastings," said Tracy impressively, "I wish to heaven you would put that girl Lady Julia Freke out of your head. You'll repent it all your life if you don't."

"I could not, even if I tried, Tracy, and I will not try."

"On your head be it, then! There's the trap at the door! I must say good-bye to host and hostess. There's no time to lose. If I miss my train, I lose my chance, for the good boat 'Salamander' will have to start without her commander. You'll come to the station, Val?"

"Yes, certainly. I'm not so dulled by my own troubles as to be indifferent to your promotion. I wish you luck with all my heart."

* * * * * *

Not quite an hour after, Hastings strolled through the gates of the villa and sought the shade of a grass alley beneath some over-arching elms. He had returned at a very slow pace, for he was plunged in profound and gloomy thought.

Reaching the middle of the alley where the shadows lay deepest, he threw himself on the grass, and, pulling his hat over his eyes, lay quite still.

Not for long, however. A slight, small figure came noiselessly from between the trees—a dainty figure in a simple morning dress of creamy muslin, with a pale yellow sash, and some half-blown tea roses at her throat and waist, and wide-brimmed garden hat, also decorated with pale yellow ribbon and roses and their delicate green foliage.

As she perceived the recumbent figure of Hastings she paused, and with a sort of unconscious movement removed her hat and stood playing with the ribbons as if undecided what to do.

After a moment's thought she said softly, "Val," while the color rose in her cheek. He did not seem to hear, and with a sort of effort she resumed:

"Val, I want to speak to you."

"Ah, Norina!" he exclaimed as if surprised, and starting to his feet, "I thought you were going to ride with your father?"

"He has gone alone," she returned, taking her seat on the trunk of a recumbent tree.

There was a pause. Norina's eyes were bent on the grass, and she grew a little paler than usual.

"I want to speak to you so much."

"Speak, then," said Hastings, impatiently.

"It is not so easy, still I must. Val, you are troubled. I can see it; any one can, I think. But I believe I know the reason."

"I doubt it, Norina."

"Let me explain myself," pressing her hands together. "Val," with a rush at her subject, "I know my father wants you to marry me, but you and I do not wish anything of the kind. Now, I suspect—strongly suspect—that he has made some condition about helping you if you propose for me. Of course you want help. Mr. Tracy told me, that is, let me know it. My father is so rich, and you—you are his near kinsman. But oh, how deadly determined he is. He must—he will have his own way."

"I know it, Norina, but——"

"Don't—don't interrupt me, or I shall never get through," imploringly. "I want to help you, Val, and this is my plan. I tell you now that I like you very, very much as a cousin or a sort of brother, but you are the last man I should like to marry. There! you understand? I have refused you. To be sure, it is before you asked me, but that is no matter."

"Refused me! Pretty strongly——"

"Do—do be silent till I finish. When he returns I shall go to my father and tell him I could not marry you; you, too, can say I refused you, then I am sure he will act a kinsman's part to you. He has quite enough for both of us, and he will let me marry any one I like."

"Is that the key to the riddle, my sweet little cousin? There is some one who might possibly not be the 'last man you would like to marry?'" cried Hastings, looking into her eyes.

"That does not concern you," she said flushing vividly, a quick smile flitting over eyes and lips. "Tell me, do you not think my plan a good one?"

"I think you are the brightest and sweetest little girl in the world! If my head hadn't been turned by the—the fairest woman I ever saw, I should have been fathoms deep in love with you, Norina. You have done me an enormous service. How you found out or guessed so shrewdly I cannot tell, but Mr. Clavering did urge me to propose to you, and though I felt sure you would refuse——"

"You were too honest and kind to mock me with such a proposition," she cried. "Well! I trust all will go right now. If my father, who really likes you, sets you free to follow your profession, unimpeded by difficulties, you will soon be a post-captain, I hope, then Lord Lenchars can no longer refuse his consent to your marriage with his daughter."

"Why, Norina! you know rather too much! What a gossip Mrs. Macallan must be!"

"She does interest herself a good deal in her neighbors' affairs."

Then she paused and said:

"Val! do you think my father really loves me?"

"You are the only thing he cares for in the world."

"Why—why, then, is he so cold and silent? I cannot confide in him! If my poor mother had lived she would have let me rest my head against her and tell her everything."

"Rest it against me, my sweet cousin! I am a brother now, you know," sitting down by her and putting his arm tenderly round her, "tell me everything, I will——"

Norina started, laughed and rose to her feet.

"Thank you, Val! I don't want to tell you everything—now I must go in and collect my forces for the interview with my father."

"Do, Norina! You look awfully pale and done up. I wish I could save you this ordeal! If I can ever repay you! One day perhaps Julia Freke will help me to prove——"

"Good-bye for the present, Val," interrupting him. "Have a long talk with my father to-night—he will not fail his word—then go, get some appointment, and distinguish yourself!"

She waved her hand to him and vanished among the trees.

Three months after. Scene: the private room of Mr James Orpen, in the office of Messrs. Orpen and Son, solicitors, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on a dull, chill, rainy autumnal afternoon.

Mr. Orpen, a stout, elderly, surewd-looking man with iron-gray hair and still grayer whiskers, is writing at his knee-hole table; presently he speaks down one of a bunch of tubes which hang beside his table, and a clerk appears.

"Show Captain Hastings up here directly he comes, and do not let us be disturbed by any one," said Mr. Orpen peremptorily."

"Very well, sir."

"Stay, Jones. Stir the fire and put on more coals, will you? It's a horrid day for an invalid to come out."

The clerk obeyed and retreated, only to return in a few minutes followed by Hastings, for whom he placed a chair near the fire.

"Very glad to see you! It is not fit for you to be out. I should have been very happy to call on you. How have you stood the voyage home?"

"Better than I expected," he replied, in a hollow voice, "but I am not up to much yet."

Hastings looked like the ghost of his former self—gaunt, thin and pallid, with sunken eyes and hollow cheeks; the hand he laid on the back of a chair as if to steady himself while he gave the other to Orpen, was bony and shrunken. He slipped off a loose overcoat lined with fur as he spoke, which Orpen took from him.

"I don't seem able to get warm," he said rubbing his hands slowly; "still I prefer coming to you, and I am awfully impatient to hear all particulars of poor Clavering's death. My brains were too muddled with the fever when I was at last allowed to read your letters."

"It is a curious story! Let me first, however, congratulate you on your exploits. There were descriptions in all the papers of your leading the naval brigade and capturing the fort! Got your step for it, I suppose?"

"Yes; and a bullet into my shoulder into the bargain. The wound was nothing, but what between heat and my own neglect, fever set in, and the doctors had a hard tussle with the grim king for my unworthy self. But though I look something of a scarecrow, I think I'll do. Now for your story. I can't understand what you mean by saying I am poor Clavering's sole heir. Norina——"

"I'll soon make matters clear. When you went to Egypt, Mr. Clavering—who was always very friendly and confidential with me—expressed a wish to alter his will. He had bequeathed everything to his daughter, except, of course, the Somersetshire estate, to which, of course, you would succeed. He told me of his earnest wish that you should marry his daughter; for although you had not been the steadiest of men there was good stuff in you. Unfortunately, Miss Clavering did not share her father's views and the proposed marriage fell through. Mr. Clavering was therefore desirous that you should not suffer for what was not your fault, and directed me to draw up a will bestowing a third of his personal property on you in addition to the landed estate, which is but small, and two-thirds to his daughter. 'I want to be just,' he said, 'and my previous disposition of the property was not just.' He then proceeded to tell me the story of his marriage. The late Mrs. Clavering was, when he first met her, a widow, still in mourning for her first husband, who seems to have drank hard and occasionally beat his wife. I fancy he was not a gentleman by birth. Strange as it appears to us who knew the man, John Clavering fell desperately in love with the Canadian beauty, and quickly married her."

"I always knew there was some story about his marriage," said Hastings. He was a mighty hunter in his day, and was some time in Canada shooting elk, I think."

"Yes; and his wife's first husband was a hunter and sportsman, too. He was lost when shooting some rapids with an Indian boat's crew. Now comes the tragic part of the story. The original husband—after being to all appearances dead for more than three years—having kept out of the way, God knows why, suddenly reappeared and wrote a brutal letter to his unfortunate wife demanding 'black mail.'"

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Hastings, leaning forward towards the speaker in eager interest.

"This reached her," continued Orpen, "a week or two after Miss Clavering's birth—a severe nervous fever ensued, and the poor young mother died. Do you see the consequences? Miss Clavering is illegitimate, and can inherit nothing. This was the reason of her father's great anxiety for her marriage with you. It would have put everything right. As it is—but I must finish my narrative. We had, as you imagine, many discussions, and one day, it was the twenty-fifth of July (I shall not soon forget it!), Mr. Clavering gave me his final directions, and destroyed his former will in my presence, as the new one, which was short and simple, was to be ready for his signature the following morning. Clavering intended to stay in town that night that he might sign early next day. Leaving me, he seemed to have walked through the passage called Great Turnstile, and was seen by the policeman on duty in Holborn to trip or slip as he stepped from the pavement to cross the street, and fell directly under the horses of an omnibus coming up at a rapid pace—one of them kicked him on the head. He never spoke again, though he breathed for perhaps a quarter of an hour. They found a letter of mine in his pocket, and came to me! The work of a moment had left Miss Clavering an orphan and penniless!"

"My God! how unfortunate!" cried Hastings. "What a blow for that delicate, proud girl! so gentle and tender, too! But she shall not want for anything, you may be sure, Orpen! Let us treat the unsigned will as if in force. I am perfectly satisfied with poor Clavering's division of his property!"

"I felt sure you would act with all honor and consideration, Captain Hastings"—the lawyer sighed a quick sign of relief as he spoke—"but so much generosity is uncalled for. A good and fair provision for your cousin would suffice; a large fortune is no real benefit to a woman. It was a cruel task to break the bitter truth to the girl, but——"

"Why in the name of heaven did you tell her the painful story?" burst forth Hastings impulsively, and rising he attempted to relieve his impatience by pacing the room; soon, however, resuming his seat.

"Because, my dear sir, it was my duty to let her know her true position. How could I foresee what you would do? I could not conspire to keep you in the dark, which meant cheating you; and, if you knew the truth, it was incumbent on me to inform her. It was a cruel task, I assure you; but, although terribly moved, she bore up bravely."

"My poor little Norina! I wish the truth could have been kept from her."

"Had the will but been signed she need not have known. As it was——"

"She shall not suffer in any way I can prevent," murmured Hastings.

"I fancy Miss Clavering will prove a rather difficult subject to deal with. She absolutely refuses to accept the assistance I ventured on my own responsibility to offer her."

"How could she be so foolish—so wrong headed? She cannot doubt my readiness to do what is simply justice."

"The poor young lady is evidently cut to the soul by the knowledge of her position. She has the instinct of the wounded deer to fly anywhere for shelter and obscurity."

"That will pass away when she finds it entails no serious loss of——"

"I don't think you have any idea of the view she takes of her misfortune," interrupted Orpen. "I had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to stay in her home until something could be arranged. She would not accept a penny for her personal expenditure; she declared she had ample funds, never having spent all the allowance made her by her father. She utterly refused to listen to my entreaties that she should take no step till she had seen you. She told me she had no claims on you; that she knew you were engaged to be married to a lady of rank, and that she did not want to accept anything from you under the circumstances, nor to be exposed to the pity of Lady Julia. I think she said——"

"It is too insane!" ejaculated Hastings. "But I will see her. She must listen to me. She always did."

"Ahem!"

Orpen cleared his throat somewhat uneasily.

"I'm afraid there are difficulties you cannot anticipate, and I hope you will believe that I have acted to the best of my judgment."

"My God, Orpen! you don't mean to say that she has married the fellow?"

"What fellow?" Orpen replied, with a bewildered look.

"I rather fancied from some words of hers that she was entangled—or—but go on."

"I think you are quite mistaken. I think I might have succeeded in detaining her till you were able to return but for that Mrs. Macallan. Not that she behaved badly, you understand; but being an active, practical woman she found a fresh engagement, and, moreover, found one for Miss Clavering, too."

"An engagement! What do you mean, Orpen?"

"A rich colonist, returning to New South Wales with his wife and three or four children, required a first-class governess-companion, and without a word to me she accepted the offer. I took infinite trouble to dissuade her, but——"

"You don't mean to say, Orpen, you suffered this preposterous arrangement to stand! That you let the will of a mere girl stand against yours?" cried Hastings, starting to his feet and leaning against the mantelpiece. "I never heard of such infernal folly!"

"When you come in contact with this 'mere girl's' will, you'll be able to judge its strength more justly. Strong or weak, she insisted on fulfilling the contract she had made."

"But she is under age. Why could you not refuse to permit, as representative of her nearest of kin——?"

"You forget what she reminded me of—she has no kin; she has no claim on any one, and no one has any authority over her."

Hastings groaned.

"Where is she staying?" he asked, reaching to take his hat. "The sooner I see and remonstrate with her the better."

"My dear sir," cried the lawyer with evident uneasiness, "I am afraid—very much afraid—Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal have started on their homeward voyage, and Miss Clavering with them."

"What?" cried Hastings in a tone that made Orpen jump. "Gone? Have you a doubt about it?"

"Well, no; not much. They had taken their passage in the 'Southern Queen;' she was to start on Monday—stay! We'll see if she has in the shipping news."

He called down the tube:

"Bring me yesterday's 'Times,' if you can find it; if not, send and get one."

"It is too maddening," muttered Hastings, his dark eyes sparkling with angry fire.

"After all, my dear sir," urged the lawyer soothingly, "Australia is not inaccessible. A telegram from you requesting Miss Clavering's return can await her arrival, followed by a letter—the Australian mail leaves on Friday—explaining matters and stating your intentions."

"By heaven! I'll go and fetch her back myself!" exclaimed Hastings. "If if—the thought occurs to me—can her possible fiance be in Australia, and that she takes this means of joining him? No, it is too wildly improbable."

"I think it is. Here's the paper," taking it from a boy who came in as he spoke, and throwing the first sheet on the floor he began to search eagerly for the shipping news. "Yes," he said in a few minutes during which Hastings grasped the back of the chair and watched him feverishly, "yes 'Southern Queen' steamer passed Gravesend, 20 h, for Sydney."

"Great heavens! had I been a week sooner I might have saved her."

"But, Captain Hastings, she is not lost. How——"

"How can you tell what may occur in the weeks during which she must be left to herself? Despair alone; she was always in exalted moods. God knows what fancies and memories may have haunted her and thrown her off her balance. My poor little Norina!"

His eyes looked moist (he was still weak), and with a natural effort to avoid notice, he stooped and picked up the part of the paper which had been thrown on the floor. As he did so something seemed to catch his attention.

He stopped abruptly, gazed fixedly at the top of the sheet; then his arm dropped; he made a staggering step forward, and would have fallen had not the lawyer caught him.

"Here, sit down, you have overtaxed your strength."

Hastings did not reply for a few minutes, and then he spoke brokenly.

"Yes, I am weaker than I thought. I'll get back to my hotel. I'll——"

"You'll take a glass of wine first."

Opening the door into a clerks' room next his, Orpen called:

"Get some sherry at once, will you?"

It was quickly brought, and Hastings seemed to recover and asked that a cab might be called.

"You'll telegraph to this MacDougal's firm in Melbourne, at all events," he said as he put his arm through Orpen's. "It will arrive long before them, but his employers will have some means of communicating before any one else. I'll see you to-morrow. Can you come to me?"

"Yes, certainly. Will twelve o'clock be too soon?"

When Mr. Orpen returned from putting his client in a cab, he took up the paper Hastings had let fall, and looked curiously at it.

"He was desperately vexed about Clavering's daughter. But it was not all that. I thought he was going to die," he mused. "Hal what's this? 'On the 17th instant, at St. Olave's Church, South Kensington, by the Right Rev. the Bishop of St. Mungo's, assisted by the Honble. and Rev. Reginald de Aberdeen, John Bunis, of Kean lane, Culmington Castle, and Marine Villa, Isle of Wight, to Lady Julia, only daughter of the Earl of Leuchars.' Why, she has landed the great lawyer and millionaire!"

The excitement and disappointment brought on a return of Hastings' fever, and his excessive anxiety retarded his recovery.

Orpen was seriously uneasy about him, and did his best to calm his uneasiness by making all possible efforts to trace Mrs. Macallan, from whom Hastings imagined he could obtain information respecting Norina's views and intentions.

"I have been again to Mrs. Macallan's rooms, myself," said Orpen one morning when he found Hastings sitting in a hopeless way doing nothing, beside a large fire, looking gaunter and thinner than when he first arrived.

"And what did you hear?"

"I saw the landlady, herself. She was quite clear in all she said; but Mrs. Macallan and Miss Clavering, who had been about ten days in her house, left on the 19th of September—Mrs. Macallan for Paris and Miss Clavering for the Langham Hotel, from which she was to start the next day with some friends for Australia. The woman seemed to have no doubt she had sailed, as she has never heard or seen anything of her since. You must just possess yourself with patience, and write all you wish to say, Captain Hastings. I have no doubt the young lady will be glad to return to ease and comfort after a short experience of colonial life."

"If I have not lost her altogether," muttered Hastings.

"There's a mail to-morrow for Australia," added Orpen.

"I know. I wrote her a long letter last night. By the way, did you ever think of making any inquiries at the 'Langham Hotel?'"

"What was I to inquire about? Besides, until I heard it just now from the landlady I did not know where those Australian people were staying."

"True," returned Hastings, and relapsed into silence so complete that Orpen took it as a hint to go.

"You will probably be able to attend to business to-morrow," he said rising; "there is a good deal to arrange, and——"

"Yes, yes. I am decidedly better, and will try and get to your office to-morrow."

As soon as the lawyer had departed Hastings rang for his valet.

"Send and get me a brougham at once," he exclaimed; "I must go out."

"But, sir, there is an east wind; you know the doctor——"

"The doctor be——. Don't lose time talking. Order the carriage at once, and bring me my fur coat."

The valet obeyed, and Hastings, fortified with a cigar, was soon en route.

A sudden unreasonable hope had occurred to him. Why, he knew not, even while Orpen spoke of the landlady's conviction that Miss Clavering and her party had sailed for "our antipodes." He ordered the coachman to drive fast to the "Langham," and arrived there, made his way to the bureau.

"When did Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal leave?" was his first demand.

"Mr. and Mrs. MacDougal?" repeated the clerk. "They have not left, sir. They were to leave last month, but one of the children was taken ill—bad attack of measles."

"Is Miss Clavering here, too?"

"Miss Clavering? No, sir. No such name," turning to examine a book.

"Can I see Mr. MacDougal."

"Not in, sir."

"I am pray send up my card to Mrs MacDougal, and ask if she will be so good as to see me?"

"I believe she is in."

An inquiry up a tube proved his conjecture correct, and after waiting what seemed to his impatience an immense time a grave waiter brought an invitation to Captain Hastings to ascend to Mrs. MacDougal's apartments. Here a plump, dark-eyed, roly-poly little woman, in a gorgeous morning-gown, came forward to receive him, smiling pleasantly.

"Well, Captain Hastings," glancing at his card, "and what do you want?" a blunt form of address uttered in a strong Scotch accent, but with an air that robbed it of any incivility."

"I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on you, but I am most anxious to ascertain the address of my cousin, Miss Clavering."

"Eh? Are you her cousin? She said she hadn't a relative in the world."

"I am sorry she disowns me," said Hastings, with a smile, but with a thrill of pain at his heart; "but I assure you I am her full second cousin, and as she has inherited a small fortune, I am anxious to put her affairs in order."

"Gudeness! she'll no want to come over the sea with us, then, and it will be an awful want to leave her behind. She is a nice, wise like creature, only too easy with the children, I'm thinking."

"I am sorry to disturb your arrangements, but I fear Miss Clavering cannot accompany you, and——. May I see her?"

Hastings felt sudden strength and life vibrating in his bones. Why, in another minute, Norina might stand before him.

"Eh, to be sure. What is to prevent you? though I'm awful vexed to think I'll have to look out for another young person."

"Young person."

How the appellation jarred on Val's ear.

"Here's her address," continued Mrs. MacDougal, crossing the room to a writing table, and examining a blotting book, she produced an envelope on which was written, in a flowing business-like hand, "5 Gothic Villas, Holly Road, Maida Vale."

"There," she said, handing it to him, "you take a Kilburn 'bus at the Circus, get out at Holly Road and you are within two minutes of the house. You see, when our wee Dickie was taken with the measles we sent all the other children and Miss Clavering to lodgings, and I've not seen them since. I do hope she'll not leave me in the lurch until I find some one else."

"We will do our best to supply her place," said Hastings stiffly.

He had conceived a sudden unreasonable dislike to the good humored, self-satisfied little woman, as he pictured his proud, sensible, dainty cousin a humble employe of such a mistress.

"I shall not intrude on you any longer. I daresay I shall find Miss Clavering at home if I go at once."

"I don't doubt but you would. Mr. MacDougal tells me there's a good big garden, so they seldom go outside."

"Thank you. Then I shall wish you good-morning."

"Eh, but I'm thinking Miss Clavering will find more than a fortune when you find her," said the lady with a roguish smile.

Hastings felt a flush rise in his cheek, but he refrained from any reply beyond a low bow as he left the room.

"Five, Holly Road, Maida Vale, and drive fast," was Hastings' command to the coachman.

Some twenty minutes later he drew up at the gate of a typical suburban villa, semi-detached, to which he was admitted.

"I'll let Miss Clavering know, sir," said the servant as she ushered him into a neat, rigidly arranged drawing room, the windows of which commanded a large common garden looking into somewhat desolate fields beyond.

Some children were playing on the grass and chasing each other along the winding paths with noisy glee. Presently Hastings saw the servant return from the other side of the only clump of trees in the enclosure followed by a lady, a slight sad looking figure, in a long straight black dress, who moved with slow step and downcast head.

"Poor little Norina," thought Hastings. "The boy is right. She marvellously graceful, and, small as she is, she looks like a deposed princess. How blind I have been."

In another moment Norina stood before him. What a pale wistful face. What large mournful eyes. How tender the lines of the slightly averted head and throat!

"My dear Norina," cried Hastings deeply touched, as he clasped her hand in both his own. He stopped abruptly.

"How did you find me, Val?" she asked with a slight smile. "I never thought I should see you again!"

"How could you think that, Norina? Could you believe that I would know any rest till I had found you, and restored to you what is your own? My sweet little cousin," drawing her to the sofa and sitting down by her, "you are trembling! Let me act a kinsman's part; let me——"

"Val!" interrupting him in a low grave voice, "don't you know that I neither kith nor kin? that I am nameless; that I have—nothing!"

A sob stopped her utterance, but she controlled herself.

"Dear child! you insult me by supposing I am such a rascal as to take advantage of untoward circumstances and rob you, No! Poor Clavering's unsigned will is as potent in my estimation as though it had been signed in presence of the Lord Chancellor himself! Look at me, Norina! You must put away these absurd ideas about leaving England and flying from society. When time has healed your natural grief for your father, I trust you will have many a bright day! He has left enough for both of us, and Orpen is even now preparing a deed which will secure for your use the sum of money your father intended for you!"

"But, Val—dear Val!" she said with quivering lips, withdrawing her hand, "I knew you would be generous, but I do not like to be under obligations to a stranger, and Lady Julia is a stranger to me."

"Lady Julia!" exclaimed Hastings in a low deep tone, and he rose to pace the room once to and fro, then pausing opposite her, his brow knit and a slight contemptuous smile on his lips. "All's over between Lady Julia and myself! She is married to a man rich enough to buy you and me both, and leave a large margin for the fair Julia's delicate manipulation."

"Val! I am grieved. What a blow for you. Oh! how could she——"

"It was her nature to!" returned Hastings lightly. "She knew the life that best suited her. Nor ought we to quarrel with her for not possessing what nature did not bestow. She is a beautiful creature, and on my own head be it if I let her turn my brain. We will let her go in peace, but in return for your sympathy, dear Norina, believe me I have plenty for you! and I shall take care you do not go empty-handed to the man you love!"

"The man I love!" cried Norina, her great eyes growing larger with an expression of amazement. "Whom do I love?"

"That I do not know, but I certainly gathered from one of the last conversations I had with you that were I cleared out of the way there would be less opposition to your marriage with another."

"Did you?" slowly and looking thoughtfully at him, a slight smile, a faint color lending a little life to her speaking face, "you must have dream, it, Val! No one wishes to marry me, and I hope you credit me with too much propriety to wish for any one who does not want me!"

"I credit you with something infinitely higher and stronger than mere young lady-like propriety, Norina. Your heart would be no mere echo; you are quite capable of loving of your own free-will, though you are not so weak as to show it. Norina, I would give anything in the world to make you happy. Do confide in me! give me the key to the profound sorrow which is eating you heart—even the loss of a father, of fortune, of——"

He stopped.

"Add the loss of name, of position, the shadow cast upon the mother of whom I always dream as something infinitely dear, though unknown."

"Yes, I know. It is all cruelly hard upon you, but, you know, no one is really to blame, except that wretched scoundrel who had been no business to reappear. Come, dear cousin—for my dear cousin you will always be—try to turn your back on the inevitable. Nothing can prevent your having an independent fortune, for I will not touch the property bequeathed you by your father. Let us find a lady to fill your place with these worthy colonists. Come back to your old home, which is entirely at your service, and make your plans for the future at your leisure!"

"You are very good, Val," she said with quivering lips, and resting one hand on the piano near which she stood as if to steady herself. "I—I cannot reject your generosity, but I shall feel myself such an imposition. I have no right even to a name! I——"

"Take mine!" cried Hastings with a sudden impulse, stretching out his arms to her, "then none need know the family secret! I am restored to my right mind. I feel that it was misfortune to be diverted from my dawning love for you. No man could wish for a sweeter wife than you, Norina. Let me be lover, brother, father—everything to you!"

"You are indeed too generous, too self-forgetful, Val," she said with a quick blush and a grave smile. "Do you think I should accept such a sacrifice!"

"It is not a sacrifice, Norina!"

"It is perhaps a passionate recoil after the disappointment just inflicted," she interrupted.

"You are utterly mistaken. But no doubt your love for the same rival in whose favor you were once so anxious to dismiss me still steals your heart against my earnest prayer!"

"Oh! Val, Val!" covering her face with her hands.

"Well, dear, I ought not, perhaps, to force myself upon you at such a time; forgive me for yielding to the impulse of my heart! You must pardon a good deal to a fellow so shattered and shaken by fever as I am. I will make Orpen call upon you tomorrow and settle everything, and later you will perhaps either listen to me, or tell me the name of the man who——"

"Do not speak of him!"

"Good-bye, then, for the present, Norina. Do you remember when we met after your return from school? We had not met for two years, and when I was going to give you my usual cousinly kiss you blushed—what a beautiful blush it was—and shrank away. Well, you sent an extraordinary thrill through my heart. By heaven! I was more than half in love with you on the instant, only you were such a child compared with me then. What a delicious autumn we spent in Scotland, when your father took Glen Tarloch Moor that year! Then I went away to the Mediterranean, and all my deeper, softer tenderness was overwhelmed by a wild torrent that swept everything before it. Now, before we part, in token of acceptance, at least as a kinsman, give me a kiss."

He caught her hands and drew her gently to him, till her head rested against him. Norina grew so deadly white that Hastings thought she would faint as he bent his head and pressed his lips long and tenderly to hers. He felt her heart beat as though it would burst, but she let him hold her unresistingly.

At length she made an effort to free herself, to which he instantly yielded, though still retaining her hand, and Norina, raising her eyes, which glittered with an expression of rapturous surprise through the tears which hung on her long lashes, murmured:

"I begin to think you do really care for me."

"My darling, one little word, trust me enough to tell me the name of the fellow who almost, if not altogether, cut me out?"

"It is a very great secret," said Norina, drawing a little away from him, and looking demurely on the carpet. "His name is Val Hastings!"

CONCERNING GIRLS.

IN THE last century, education was looked at from a standpoint very different from what it is now. Ignorance was not considered a disgrace, and to be uncertain in his spelling was no bar to being a gentleman.

In the education of the girls especially, books seem to have borne a very small part, Dean Swift declaring, in his usual dogmatic way, that 'not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand can read or understand her own natural tongue.'

Certainly in his generation, needlework and deportment were the chief things taught them.

Dignity of manners was judged to be of more importance than book-learning; but as women are more adaptable than men, more capable of catching the prevailing tone of thought, they could hold their own in society in spite of their ignorance, as long as they were finely mannered and not boyishish.

Grace of carriage, therefore, good-breeding to make home peaceful and pleasant, piety to rule her private conduct, formed the ideal of perfection in woman.

Thoroughness or exactness of knowledge was not thought compatible with these good qualities, and learned ladies were dreaded accordingly.

The Spectator tells that 'a lady at court having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her,' showing how a woman who knew more than others of her sex was regarded, if she 'had dared to read and dared to say she read.'

Dancing being the only physical exercise then allowed to girls, was much prized, both as a healthful exertion and a training in elegance and grace; and the dances of the period were nearly all in very stately measure.

Most of us middle-aged people must still remember a few old-lady friends whose beautiful, attractive presence and gracious manner were at once the dread and admiration of our childhood.

In the present day, things are much changed. The girl's education is as thorough as the boy's.

No smattering of knowledge now contents us for them, but examinations as stiff and exhaustive are given to them as to their brothers, and with as good results.

Along with this high mental discipline, the physical training goes hand in hand; so that what with boating, swimming, calisthenics, cricket, lawn-tennis, the physique of this and future generations should go on improving at a rapid rate.

The idea that a beautiful girl must be pale and delicate-looking, and that, to be interesting, she must be ready to faint at the least exertion or motion, like the heroines in the old novels, is now quite exploded.

But in gaining all this mental and physical excellence, care must be taken that we are not losing the well-bred courtesy that used to sit so beautifully on our grandmothers, or the loss will be greater than the gain.

In avoiding the ignorance of the past, there is the danger of going to the other extreme, of making learning of too much importance, or rather of making it all important, forgetting that for the proper application of it other faculties are required; that a girl crammed with knowledge is only like a locked bookcase full of books, unless she has the power to use it for good and to give pleasure to herself and others. And what will give her this excellent power?

Only a proper training in which good manners or good breeding, as the essayists of the last century were fond of calling it, holds its proper place; and a greater injustice is done to a girl in leaving this part of her education incomplete than if her book-learning should not be exact and precise.

It is only in childhood that this can be really acquired, that the easy courteous demeanor can grow to be second nature; and it is then also that the brusque boyish manner, so much to be deprecated, is thus formed.

The discipline to be undergone for this part of her education is also a great gain to the child, as great almost as the result, keeping in proper check as it does, many propensities fostered by the emulation in the schools, and strengthening very opposite qualities.

The one training places self in the foremost place, fosters self will, want of reverence, independence of character; all of which may not be evil qualities, but would be greatly improved by being controlled by the courtesy and graciousness of manner, which, while perfectly self possessed, is thoughtful for others, full of deference for the old, and purely womanly in type.

There is no true reason why an advance in learning should mean a decay in manners; the opposite ought to be the case, a true enlightenment ought to mean culture, and culture—refinement both in thought and observance.

Woman in the past has been the helper and consoler of man, and though other paths in life may now be opening to her, making marriage not so imperative, yet her real place and chief purpose is to be his otherself and helpmate.

Woman's influence is the most powerful of the great forces that affect men. It pervades everything. It is calming, soothing, elevating, and stimulating.

While aiding men to do their duty, it makes them content in doing it, and keeps alive in them the love of social intercourse.

To have this influence in the future, as she has had in the past, woman needs all the intellectual improvement she is at present gaining; but, added to it, she requires the grace and good breeding of the olden time, to make her a woman of high culture and not a aspiration, yet of loving womanly sweetness.

It often happens that such a one can uplift a husband to the dignity of her own character, as that a husband can uplift a wife to his own rank.

The tendency of the times has been to raise women more and more to an intellectual equality with man, and with this growth the sentiment has risen in their minds that the conventions of the world are against their complete development; that the rules of society have been framed for the comfort of the man without regard to the good of the woman; thus generating in many a feeling of bitterness and rebellion against a few of those existing customs.

As woman's ambition has been roused by her new position, and her faculties awakened, a number of the sisterhood have protested against the old time notion that she ought to steal through life unheard and unremarked—that it is a reproach for her to be talked of; and these, rushing to the other extreme, have been led to court notoriety, to despise conventionalities, and to adopt a hostile manner towards the other sex, while assuming a brusque demeanor that is not at all pleasing or attractive. As some writers have striven to set class against class, others lately have been trying to array sex against sex. Nothing could be more absurd.

However close the relation between sisters, between mother and daughter, or between any two women, it can never be so strong as between husband and wife; and the tie between father and daughter, mother and son, or brother and sister, is usually the more binding because of the difference of sex.

Educating the one sex without any consideration of a probable affinity to the other, is therefore not advisable, still less the setting of them up in opposition. But as time goes on, the antagonism on the man's part towards learned ladies, as well as the bitterness on the woman's side for her treatment in the past, is dying out.

It is in the woman's power to decide if her kingdom is still to exist—if man is to be after all under her sway, as of old if she means to fight the battle of life by his side, or as his rival.

Her cultivated, bright intelligence will have to be put forth—not to lift her up above her every day employments, but to throw a grace over her common acts, and to make her a centre of holy influences and innocent cheerfulness.

A STRANGE STORY.—A maiden lady who lives in New York recently visited a sister in Danbury, Conn. She complained that she had lost all her money and was assured of a welcome as a member of the family.

She stayed only two days and then went to the house of another sister in Danbury. After two days she went back to New York. One of the local journals of Saturday says:

"Early this week her maid arrived in town and going to sister number one's house, she informed that lady that her mistress had hid $3000 in an empty butter jar, in sister number two's cellar. This was incredulously received, but both went over to the second sister's house in search of the treasure. The maid's instruction was so clear that she went straight to the supposed empty jar, and sure enough found the money as described. The strange part of the $3000 find was that it was all in one-dollar bills. The money was put in a paper rolled up and taken over to the first sister's house to be counted. Both women went into a bedroom, and, spreading the money on the top of the bed, began the work of counting. While they were engaged in the work the husband came home, and, not finding his wife, searched the house and found the two women in the bedroom, with thousands of greenbacks in front of them. The sight staggered him for an instant, and his sudden appearance also staggered the women. The whole story was explained to him. The money was counted and then placed in bank to the credit of the maiden sister."

A MARKET PLACE IN INDIA.—A noisy place, truly, though the crowd is a good-natured one. All the men are armed; but they never quarrel. Every woman is loaded with silver and gold jewelry, but no one is ever robbed.

Here, along a sunny wall, are twenty or thirty barbers busily engaged in cutting and trimming the locks of the men, mostly Thibetan traders, who have tramped across the mountains, the hair lying in heaps in front of them.

Round the corner we came upon a lot of Bhootea women, with great crocks full of snow-white curds, the favorite dainty of the place, which they serve out to their customers in square vessels ingeniously twisted out of plantain leaves.

Near them are some Lepcha lads playing shuttlecock with the soles of their feet which they turn upward in the most nimble fashion.

Then we come upon some stalls for tea, which is boiled up with molasses, a gruesome compound. All over the market are traders, squatted on the ground in front of their wares, the most heterogeneous of goods imaginable; goats, pigs, poultry, tea, tobacco, beads from Venice, grain of all sorts, sweetmeats, cards, the juiciest meat we ever saw—killed at the back as required, and brought in dripping—piles of cotton and wool goods, yaks' tails, brass Buddhas, ironmongery, pottery, old bottles, tinned meats, tape, cotton, needles, wooden spoons, oil, umbrellas, and feeding bottles—all blended in one great labyrinth of yelling confusion.

ETERNALLY LEAP YEAR.—A gentleman who has passed some time among the Cossacks of the Ukraine tells of some strange customs still prevalent there, one of which may perhaps interest our fair readers.

When a young woman in the Ukraine feels a tender passion for a young man, she goes at once to the house of his parents, and says to him, "Be you blessed of God." The young woman then sits down and talks to the object of her choice as follows:

"The goodness I see written in your countenance is a sufficient assurance to me that you are capable of ruling and loving a wife, and your excellent qualities encourage me to hope that you will make a good husband. It is in this belief that I have taken the resolution to come and beg you, with all due humility, to accept me for your spouse."

She then addresses the father and mother, and solicits their approval of, and consent to, the marriage. If she meets with a refusal, she refuses to leave the house, and such conduct is usually crowned with success.

The parents of the young man never put the young maidens away if they still persist in their stay, believing by doing so they would bring down the vengeance of heaven upon their heads.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good character is to a young man what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can well build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity—a helping hand will never be wanted; but let a single part of this be defective, and you go on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin.

Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where good character is not; where it is not a frequent visitor. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, is derived from a good character. Therefore, acquire this as the most valuable possession.

THE TITLE OF QUEEN.—In English there is no feminine form of king like *Koningin*, the feminine form of *Konig* in German, as the feminine equivalent of king, queen is used, which Professor Mueller says is "the old word for mother."

He also cites a translation of the Bible made in the 4th century to prove its meaning at that early date as wife or woman. The queen was, in a special sense "the woman" or "the wife," the highest of women and the highest of wives in the kingdom.

THE ROADS.—Get good road-grading machines, make a few miles of good road in each township every year, as the work is readily done, encourage wide tires to keep the roads good; tile-drain, macadamize or brick-pave the roads, and show to the world our characteristic American enterprise in our public roads as in our private works.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An extraordinary case came before a London police court. On a servant girl being charged with stealing two pairs of boots, it was stated on her behalf that frequently she was for a time unaccountable for her actions; that on these occasions she did most inexplicable things; and that once, a doctor having certified that she was dead, she lay three days in a coffin ready for burial, signs of life being discovered at the end of that period.

The Russian Emperor is in constant dread of assassination, and this state of ever present fear, added to the hereditary melancholy of the Romanoff family, has so utterly shattered his nerves that for days together he is practically not responsible for his actions. The Emperor smokes incessantly, and not only endeavors to sustain his spirits by copious libations of champagne and brandy, but of late he has taken to drugging himself with chloral.

Vashti is a beautiful Persian cat living in East Fifty-ninth Street, New York, a great pet, and, until within a week, queen of the mansion. A visitor came, bringing a parrot. Vashti saw it, and immediately felt a hungering desire for parrot flesh. She approached, and prepared for a spring, when she heard in amazement a sound as of a human voice issuing from the cage, and her ears were shocked with a torrent of oaths such as never before been heard in that well-regulated household. The horrified cat fled from the room, which she has not since been induced to enter.

France now has a "sleeping girl." She belongs to the Department of the Oise, and her slumber is not that of one in a peaceful trance, but is agitated like that of a person under the influence of a nightmare or the "blues." A despatch says: "For the past nine days she has been plunged into somnolency, during which she sometimes beats herself on the head and breast and utters unintelligible exclamations. Bouillon is now and then poured down her throat when she opens her mouth, and by this means she is kept alive. The girl, who is 30 years old, and a farm servant, has had brief fits of drowsiness before, but none of them lasted so long as the present one."

A remarkable instance of surgical progress which occurred in the practice of Professor Von Bergmann, of Berlin, the other day, is mentioned by a London correspondent. The Professor had two patients who were simultaneously brought to him for operations, one requiring amputation of the thigh at the hip joint, the other needing a portion of the humerus removed on account of the bone being extensively diseased. The first operation to be done was the amputation, and immediately afterwards the surgeon proceeded to excise the diseased portion of the humerus. The result of this latter procedure was necessarily to make a gap in the bone; but a piece of the thigh bone was taken from the limb which had just been amputated and fixed in the gap by which the continuity of the humerus was completely restored. Perfect union took place, and the patient recovered with a useful arm.

A remarkable rat story comes from Georgia, a Greenboro citizen being the author. His wife had been bothered by rats and mice playing tag in the dining-room, and set a trap to catch them. Late that night the husband, hearing queer noises, stole down to the room. What he saw he describes in these words: About a dozen small mice had been caught in the trap. This was surrounded by four or five big rats, which had dragged it to one corner and were holding a consultation. As I looked in, alarmed by the light, they hurried their preparations to a close. One of the big fellows seized the door of the trap between his teeth. Another rat served him by the tail, another and another quickly took hold; a sudden pull was given, and quicker than I can relate the deed the mice scampered out, and before I could walk across the room all rats, young rats, old mice and young mice had disappeared, leaving the trap in the corner, with the door shut and every vestige of the bait gone.

A curious lawsuit is soon to be heard in Warsaw, Poland. It is all about a swallow-tail coat which a Mr. L. ordered of a tailor, and which for a covenanted sum was to be delivered punctually by a certain day. The tailor, however, failed to keep his word, delivering the garment the day after the time fixed. Mr. L. not only refused to pay the stipulated sum, but commenced proceedings against the tailor for heavy damages for the momentous and lamentable results of his dilatoriness; and hereby hangs the tale. Mr. L. alleges in his statement of claim that he required the swallow-tailed coat to qualify him to appear at a large evening party given by the parents of the lady of his heart, whose hand he intended to formally solicit in the course of the evening. Unprovided with the magic evening dress, he was in the sad predicament of the guest in the parable "which had not on a wedding garment;" but wiser than that person, he did not put in an appearance. Meantime, "the other fellow, taking advantage of him, went, and saw, and conquered; proposed, was accepted, and is now the cherished bridegroom of the beautiful Helen."

Our Young Folks.

THE "WITCH'S KETTLE."

BY J. O TILDESLEY.

JIM GRANT, a sturdy fisher lad of twelve, ran down the rude steps to the landing-place, near which Freddie and Emmie Weston were digging and delving in the sun, bathed in golden afternoon sunshine.

"Now, who's for a sail with me, Master Freddie?" asked the lad, smiling at the mites, who, with their mother, had come for a three months' holiday sojourn among the rough though kindly fisher-folk.

"Oh, me, me!" cried happy Freddie.

It was not the first time he had gone voyaging with Jim, who, although so young, was a good sailor, and understood and could manage a boat as well as many who were much older than himself. Besides, there were two other strong lads who, with Jim, formed the crew of his father's cutter, and helped him to sail her.

"True as steel, and as steady as old time, mum; the sea is like a second cradle to him."

Thus Jim's father had spoken of him to the wee ones' mother, and so they had gone sailing away, again and again, short trips in the cutter with Jim.

"And me too," now piped Emmie, her words like a sweet silvery echo to her brother's.

"Ay, the two of ye, little lady; I'm just off round the Point to Sandy Cove, in father's cutter, wi' a cargo of fish. So come along—the sea is like a mill-pond; ye'll be there and back before tea-time," said the kindly boy.

"Best ask mamma," suggested five-year-old Emmie.

But Freddie said:

"No, there's no need bothering one's mamma every time one steps aboard anything."

To which Jim assented, making the remark:

"And I've hardly the time; and the lady knows ye're both safe wi' Jim Grant, a ring of pride in his boyish tones.

Never so long a trip had Jim taken them before, never round the Point, where, nestling in a snug little bay, lay Sandy Cove, and, farther on still, the Witch's Kettle, her bellows and all.

"Ye shall be first mate, Master Freddie," said Jim, as they went swinging through the sunlit waves.

At which the small boy clapped his hands, and cried "Jolly!" in real bluff sailor fashion, and remarked how nice it was that he happened to be wearing his sailor-suit.

Then Emmie, young lady though she was, looked somewhat out in the cold, and asked with doubtful eyes:

"And what shall I be?"

"Oh! you shall be second mate," returned accommodating Jim.

But to this she objected.

"'Cause ladies always ought to be first," she assured them all, standing up for the rights of her sex.

"Very well, then, you shall be our little Ocean Queen; that'll be headest of all," said compliant Jim.

"And what shall you be?" she inquired, in high good humor at the honor conferred upon her.

"Oh! I'll be cox'n, 'cause I steers the boat, and Bill and Harry there are the crew."

So Ocean Queen Emmie confidingly nestled close to Freddie, who looked every inch a sailor, while the fisher lad steered and sighted.

How the wavelets clapped their jewelled hands, how the sea birds darted here and there, swooping down at times, as if to have a look at them.

"'Sea birds fly, stormy sky,' they say," remarked Jim; "but I see no sign of storm or calm," he added, scanning the horizon with the weather-wise look of an old sailor.

And his two friends agreed with him on this point.

No, all around was a shimmer of sunlight and dancing waves—and so they rounded the Point. Away in the distance were fishing smacks, their silver sails dashed with gold, their owners busy plying their calling in the solemn deep.

These Jim hailed, bawling, "Ahoy there! Ahoy!" and back came the echoing answer, calling the lad by name.

"Oh, 'tis just like a book!" cried happy Freddie; "that's how they speak ships at sea—isn't it?"

"Ay, that's the way," assented Jim.

And now came the question:

"Where are you going?"

"To Sandy Cove, wi' fish," roared Jim, with the counter question, "When'll ye be in to-night?"

"By sundown," was the hoarse response, the waves bringing the words as they romped and played.

Well, Sandy Cove was reached—running into port, Freddie called it.

Jim landed, and disposed of his fish; and then followed the crowning point—the touch of romance which the expedition lacked.

"Now we've a real treat for ye, Master Freddie," said Jim, as they were well out of port.

"Oh, what, Jim? what?"

"Well, what do you say to having a look at the Witch's Kettle, and seeing the bellows she blows wi' and all?"

Of course the children were on the tip toe of pleased expectation; so Jim, with the help of Bill and Harry, put the boat round and away from the familiar Point, away from home, and tea-time coming on apace there.

On, on, they went, tacking sail, tightening sail, and anon they were at a safe distance, viewing the troubled seething waters, the so-called Witch's Kettle, among the sunken rocks, other rocks looming behind, through a chasm in which came a rush-rush of wind, as from monster bellows, just above the water's edge.

"Is it for truth a witch's kettle?" inquired Freddie.

"So they say," replied cautious Jim.

"And where is the witch?" questioned Emmie, with awe.

"Ay, that's tellin'," smiled Jim.

So they talked and talked, while an enemy came stealing up behind them, which was to clutch them with its shadowy arms.

"Now, Jim, I think 'tis time to go back; it must be near tea-time, for I am so hungry," said first-mate Freddie, after gazing his fill.

"Ay, ay, sir! here goes," and round they swung, to see the sun sinking, a lurid red ball, into a dense mist, creeping on and deepening, as if to swallow them up, as it was doing with the sun.

"Oh, dear! The "Pretty Sally" must use her nimble heels, or——," shouted Jim, and shifted sail, to make a run for it, as he said.

"Or what?" inquired the first mate.

"Or we shall lose our way; but of course the "Pretty Sally" won't going to let us do that."

But ah! while they had talked and dallied, the wind had dropped, as if gone to sleep; the fiery eye of the sun disappeared while they watched it, and there they were, in the heart of the mist, closing them in, the "Pretty Sally," with her nimble heels, as powerless as they.

A terrible danger was presenting itself to Jim and the other two fisher-lads. They feared they were on the very track the evening steamer would take; what if they were knocked under, or sucked under, by the mighty giant?

And still the mist grew more dense. Oh, for a little light! The "Pretty Sally," too, was drifting; what if she should drift back into the Kettle?

A cry broke from one of the boys' lips. A giant shadow-ship was bearing down upon them, and—

"Ahoy! a ship on the starboard," shouted the affrighted boys.

"All right! stand off if ye can!" was roared back; and then the mist seemed to roll between, and sunder them.

Now came the steamer, ploughing its way along right royally, defying wind or want of it, almost defying the enveloping mist. Warily it came, it is true, its fiery eye gleaming; but jubilantly, for the band was on board, the children could hear its strains, the very trip of feet threading the many dance. Ay, those pleasure-takers could dance when terror, perhaps death, was so near them.

"Now, little ones, prepare for the worst," cried Jim, clinging to the helm, his eyes trying to pierce the gloom, through which the steamer came, bearing down on them, as it seemed, to crush and destroy them. But no, the steam horse of the sea swerved aside; a higher Hand and a stronger was guiding it; on it went on its way, leaving the little bark and the children in a dead calm of deliverance once again.

"Now we must wait for the moon to rise," said Jim, with what hope he could muster,—"and that'll not be till midnight," he added to himself.

But no, before midnight and the moon's rising the fog was lifted, the breeze freshened and blew, and lo! there, riding and waiting for them, under the light of the quiet stars, was old Dan Foyle's fishing smack, old Dan himself hailing them with his kindly old voice.

"After ye spoke to me this afternoon I watched for ye, and didn't see ye pass, and so, when the fog came down, I waited for ye. I'd not desert a comrade, young or old, in the dark."

This then was the monster ship they had feared—old Dan's little smack.

"Use your weather eye next time ye take passengers, lads," said Jim's father, who came out in a boat to look for them, and—

'Tell mamma the next time you go yachting," was the good advice of the wee ones' mother.

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

DAISY was in disgrace. Somehow or other she was always getting into trouble, and she was beginning to think that after all Aunt Hannah was right, and she was a very bad girl.

Yet she never meant to do wrong, she never tried to get into mischief, indeed, sometimes she tried very hard to keep out of it, though that seemed quite impossible.

She was feeling very miserable, and the bright sunshine out of doors only seemed to add to her misery. It appeared to be mocking her, calling her to come out, when Aunt Hannah had told her that she must spend the whole afternoon in her bedroom.

It wasn't any consolation to feel that Minnie was in disgrace too. Minnie did not seem to mind it much, for she was lying lazily on the bed, half asleep in spite of the sunshine.

Presently a voice was heard calling, 'Daisy, Daisy."

Daisy looked at Minnie, but Minnie was pretending to be asleep—there was no help to be got there. Daisy slowly began to pick herself up. "Daisy," called the voice again, "come down quickly. I want you to take a message to Hope Farm.

Daisy's face brightened. Taking a message to Hope Farm would be a pleasant form of punishment on such a beautiful afternoon.

"I wish I could go," said Minnie, wide awake at last. "Ask Aunt Hannah to let me go. If she has forgiven you, perhaps she'll forgive me."

'Daisy," came the call from down stairs once more, and this time Daisy really hurried.

She found her aunt waiting for her, with a basket in one hand and a parcel in the other.

"Daisy," said Aunt Hannah solemnly, for she still remembered the morning's disobedience; "you must take this basket and parcel to the Farm. I told you that you were to stay in your bed-room all the afternoon, but Mrs. Rogers will be wanting the parcel, and I have nobody else to send. Be quick, and don't play on the way; remember that you are in disgrace."

Daisy took the basket slowly; she felt it was not much use asking for Minnie, but she thought she might as well try.

"May Minnie go with me?" she asked gently, so gently that her aunt did not quite hear what she said.

"May Baby go with you? Yes, certainly. That will be a help to me. I am glad that you are at last beginning to think of helping instead of hindering," and Aunt Hannah smiled. She seemed so pleased that Daisy had not the courage to confess that she said "Minnie," not "Baby."

But as it was there was nothing for it but to take her baby brother, and she set off at last with the little boy and the basket, determined to be as quick as she could, and try to please her aunt.

It was not very easy, however, to make haste. Master Baby would not be hurried, and he begged so hard for some flowers, that at last Daisy put down her basket and climbed into the hedge to get them for him.

As she was picking them the thought flashed across her mind that perhaps Mrs. Rogers at the Hope Farm might like a few, and the basket was soon filled with flowers.

Just outside the Farm gate the two children met a woman carrying baskets. She was evidently very poor, her dress and shawl were torn and ragged, and she had a red handkerchief tied round her head instead of a bonnet.

Daisy stopped in the middle of the road, and looked at her. The woman stopped too, for she did not like being stared at.

"Will you give me a flower, missie?" she said at last, by way of saying something, for Daisy still continued to stare.

"No," said Daisy sternly, "I can't give you anything. You are a gipsy, and a bad wicked woman. You steal cocks and hens, and run away with little girls and horses."

The woman was so much astonished that she made no answer when Daisy paused, and the child went on speaking quickly—

"Give you a flower? No, I won't. It says in all my story-books that gipsies are bad wicked women, and you are a bad wicked woman!"

"I may be a bad woman," she said, "but whatever I am, you are a very rude little girl."

She spoke quite quietly, and lifted her hand to her eyes. Daisy was frightened, and without waiting to say more ran in at the farm gate.

Mrs. Rogers answered her hasty tap, and with many blushes Daisy presented her bunch of flowers, and delivered her aunt's message.

"But where is the parcel?" asked Mrs. Rogers.

"In the basket, under the flowers," said Daisy cheerfully. "It is covered by the flowers, so as to be a surprise for you."

But as it turned out Daisy herself had the surprise, for the parcel was not in the basket.

Daisy turned scarlet and looked very unhappy.

'Oh, I've lost it," she said, beginning to cry. "What will Aunt Hannah say? I didn't mean to lose it. Oh, dear! I'm in trouble again."

Mrs. Rogers could not help smiling. Suddenly Daisy stopped crying.

"I remember now," she said; "I took the parcel out when I picked the flowers. I must have left it lying in the grass."

"Then hurry back, and perhaps you will find it. It is not likely that anyone will have passed along the road," said Mrs. Rogers. "I will take care of Baby, so that you can run."

Daisy did not need to be told twice. She set off running as fast as her legs would carry her.

She soon reached the place where she had picked the flowers, but though she hunted for some time in the long grass, she could not see the parcel.

"Somebody must have picked it up," she said slowly. "Somebody"—and then all at once she remembered the gypsy.

Perhaps she might yet be overtaken, and perhaps—Daisy jumped into the hedge, and picked a bunch of flowers.

Half crying, she set off running again, and just as she came in sight of her own home she saw the gypsy walking up the path to the house. If only she could be stopped before she reached the door.

Hot with running and greatly out of breath, the little girl determined to make one more effort. As she ran up the path she called out as loudly as she dared:

"Gypsy, please!"

The woman turned angrily.

"I'm not a gypsy," she said. "Oh! it's you, is it? the rude little girl."

"I'm sorry if I was rude," said Daisy. "Please don't go up to the house; Aunt Hannah will be so cross with me. Did you need it?"

"It? what do you mean?"

"I left my parcel in the road; oh! did you find it?"

"I found this," said the woman, drawing the lost parcel from under her cloak. "I found this; but now am I to know that it belongs to such a rude little girl?"

"I'm very very sorry," said Daisy, "if I have hurt your feelings; but I thought perhaps if you knew how wicked you were, you would give up stealing cocks and hens, and little girls and horses, and being a gipsy."

"I'm not a gipsy," said the woman angrily.

"Are you not? Not really?"

The woman shook her head sullenly.

'Oh, dear! then I am sorry," and Daisy's eyes filled with tears. "You know I thought you were because of the baskets and red handkerchief. Gipsies in books always wear red handkerchiefs and sell baskets."

"Oh, dear!" she continued, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "I'm in trouble again and didn't mean it."

She walked up to the woman, and holding out her hand, said very humbly—

"Please forgive me; I am very sorry; and please will you take these flowers now?"

"She wasn't a bad wicked woman after all, and she wasn't a gipsy," said Daisy.

Then she remembered the parcel. She was not long making her way once more to the Hope Farm.

Mrs. Rogers was delighted when she heard that the parcel was found; and Daisy set off at once for home with Baby.

She quite expected a scolding from Aunt Hannah for being so long. But she was disappointed, for her aunt had only thanks to give her.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY E. S. TYLER.

You stepped awhile outside with me;
The night was magical with stars,
And through the curtains fitfully
Came the last waltz's dying bars.

I knelt upon the garden-ground;
Caprice or pity made you stay;
But still my heart ran o'er and drowned
The foolish words I tried to say.

One moment, one, I held your hand,
Ah! fair cold hand! and made my moan;
And then I grew to understand
How men seek bread and find a stone.

Still that waltz is in my head,
Now high, now low, it ebbs apace,
And still the stars are overhead,
And still I see your pretty face.

The record rests within my soul
Like lines upon the granite traced;
Though no man's eyes behold the scroll,
It keeps its legend undefaced.

SOME SINGULAR MISHAPS.

There is a story told of an old school master who taught his pupils to put their hands together and say, "God preserve our master," whenever he sneezed.

Being in the country one summer day, the party were overcome with thirst. They reached a well, to which, however, no bucket was attached. The master agreed to be lowered into the well by means of a rope which his scholars were to hold.

He was hanging over the water when the cold made him sneeze, and the boys, following their custom, let go the rope, clasped their hands, and prayed for the preservation of their master, who was afterwards drawn to the surface half-drowned and with a broken leg.

This mishap, to which a moral is sometimes added, resembles in its result an experience of a late archbishop, like many of his predecessors, was at one time a schoolmaster, and had boarders in his house.

These youths occasionally indulged in forbidden luxuries, which were smuggled into their rooms in a manner so secret as to baffle the greatest vigilance on the part of the masters.

Walking near the house late in the evening, the future archbishop spied a hamper, to which was tied a rope. Hastily removing its contents, the master slipped into the basket, and was presently hauled towards a second-story window. The expectant youth prepared to take in their prize, when, instead of provisions, appeared the stern features of their master. They dropped the hamper in a hurry and exclaimed, "By Jove, it's Jacob!" a nickname given to the unfortunate pedagogue because of his fondness for a parrot of that name.

A mishap, more tragic in its retributive effect, was reported some time ago. A miller had employed a butcher to kill some pigs. In the absence of the workman, four children, who had witnessed the operations, agreed to play at pig sticking.

The youngest child was stabbed in the neck and killed on the spot. The other three, alarmed at what they had done, ran into the mill and hid themselves under the wheel, which was almost immediately set in motion, and crushed them to death.

An accident, serious enough to the principal actor, though not without its grotesque side happened to a doctor who was lately called up in the middle of the night to attend a patient.

The maid servant who brought the message was tugging vigorously at the bell, when the doctor threw open his bedroom window, and, putting out his head, told the girl that he would be up in a moment.

The words were still upon his lips, when, over balancing himself, he made a much more speedy descent than he intended. The sudden apparition so terrified the girl that she ran off screaming, "Ghost!" while the unlucky doctor lay moaning upon the footpath.

His wife rushed to his assistance without waiting to dress. But their troubles were not at an end. The lady was leaning over her prostrate husband when the wind shut the door, and the hapless couple had to remain in their sorry plight until the servants could be roused.

The doctor was doubtless half asleep when he fell, but sleeping or waking mishaps may come upon us.

Those who dream much, or have experienced the sensation known as levitation—a name given to jumping, flying, and other similar acts supposed to be performed in sleep—will readily believe the story told a few weeks ago to one of the house surgeons at a city hospital.

A man of respectable appearance came into the accident room early one morning with a broken arm. While attending to the injuries, the surgeon observed that the knuckles of the hand were bruised and bleeding. The man, when asked how he had come by his injury, became confused, and would give no other explanation than that it was an accident.

The suspicion roused by his manner was by no means allayed by the sudden appearance of a police ambulance, upon which lay a man who proved to have been beaten to death by a 'person or persons unknown."

The attention of the police was directed to the patient with the broken arm and bruised fist. His persistence in refusing an explanation, "because it was too ridiculous to be believed," was overcome only by the threat that he would be taken into custody on a suspicion of murder.

A friend, it appears, had left in his charge the sum of $5, which, unknown to any person in the house where he lodged, he had concealed in the mattress of his bed. The care of this money seems to have affected his nervous system, to have made him suspicious, and to have disturbed his sleep. Just before coming to the hospital, he had dreamed that two men entered his room, and were about to rip open the bed and steal the $5. He leaped up and struck one of the burglars with all his might, and awoke to find that he had broken his arm on the bed post.

All mishaps do not turn out so unfortunate. The wealth of a great firm, and the amazing prosperity of a certain town, are said to have been the outcome of a trifling mishap.

While walking over the flat, unpromising country in the neighborhood of the Tees, a poor workman struck his foot against a stone. Whether the boots were thin or the blow very hard is a point upon which there is silence. However, the foot was hurt, and the man, with something of that instinct which makes a man bite the stick that beats him, picked up the stone to throw it away.

His curiosity was excited by its peculiar appearance, and instead of throwing it away he put it in his pocket. Examination showed that it was ironstone, out of which many colossal fortunes have since been made.

An old maid in Connecticut adopted a boy and called him "Moses David Abraham Daniel Mark White." The other day when he became of age he sued her for $25,000 damages for hitching all these names in front of him, and it is to be hoped that the jury will give him every cent of it.

Grains of Gold.

Where vice rules, virtue is in disgrace.

Wisdom inclines its disciples to solitude.

We easily condemn our own vices in others.

When thou art commended, examine thyself.

Where religion is trade, morality is merchandise.

He is a worthless being who lives only for himself.

Contentment works it own mill, and fills its own barn.

We cannot wrong another, without injuring ourselves.

He who scoffs at the crooked had need go upright himself.

Advise not what is most pleasant, but what is most useful.

After crosses and losses, men grow humbler and wiser.

Persons unmask their evil qualities when they do quarrel.

None are so old as those who have outlived their enthusiasms.

We should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

We should live always as though our life would be both long and short.

He is truly rich who desires nothing; and he is truly poor who covets all.

Keep from the ways that bring the pain, keep thy tongue from the words of ill.

Think little of yourself, and you will not be injured when others think little of you.

The sight of a man's money is oftentimes the antidote for the odor of a very bad character.

Femininities.

Men make laws; women make manners.

The handsomest flower is not the sweetest.

All precious stones are said to be purified by a bath in honey.

A mother's love, in a degree, sanctifies the most worthless offspring.

A lady who fell asleep on an Allentown, Pa., street car recently, was carried around the line three times before waking.

Hands may be kept smooth in cold weather by avoiding the use of warm water. Wash them with cold water and soap.

A single brown or black hair can suspend a weight of four ounces without breaking, but a golden filament only two and a half.

Her: "And to morrow is our wedding-day, dearest." She: "Yes, and it is bargain-day at Stikman's, too. Isn't that aggravating?"

A young woman, being asked by a politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she was in favor of a wedding party.

A San Francisco family used a phonograph to cheer their mother's illness, and also to preserve the tones of her voice after death.

Mounted with a spiral spring on a tortoise hair-pin, a mushroom of diamonds with rubies interspersed attracts considerable attention.

The latest Parisian novelty in gloves has a small purse inserted in the palm, wherein women can carry their railway tickets and small coins.

A brilliant of extreme purity shows to advantage when held between the nippers of a variegated enameled crab and mounted as a scarf-pin.

A medical journal tells "how to lie when asleep." If it will teach some people how to keep from lying when awake it will do a public service.

The eggs of the female oyster, one authority says, number 128,000,000; but Professor Mice said that 50,000 was as many as he cared to estimate.

A frugal wife said to the doctor who was cutting open the shirt of her husband, who had just fallen from apoplexy: "Please cut along the seam, doctor."

The stepdaughter's disappointment. "Come here, Gretchen, and see the new mother I promised you." "She doesn't look very new," was the reply.

Use great care in serving food for the table, as the smallest spatter of grease or gravy changes the appearance and spoils an otherwise pretty dish.

A bouquet pin of attractive appearance represents a variegated gold kettle drum with mother-of-pearl head, mounted between two strands of gold rope.

Ladies seldom arise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire immediately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits till they have left before re-entering.

Glasses and dishes wipe to perfection when washed in very hot water. Use a dish mop, soap shaker, and iron dish washer. These also expedite the labor, as very hot water can be used.

The well-bred girl doesn't talk loud in public places; she doesn't go to supper after the theatre is over alone with a man; she doesn't wear boots without their buttons, or a dress that needs mending.

It is curious to see how a self willed, haughty girl, who sets her father and mother and all at defiance, and cannot be managed by anybody, at once finds her master in a baby. Her sister's child will strike the rock and set all her affections flowing.

"Are you one of the new letter carriers?" inquired the housewife. "Yes, ma'am." "Well, I just want you to give me the right letters hereafter. The last one was for the next-door neighbor. It was interesting, but she made an awful to do because I read it."

A childless old lady of Stoddardsville, Pa., years ago set apart a small room for spiders to make their webs in, and no broom has ever disturbed it. The spiders dwell together in harmony as a rule, although the old lady says they sometimes have regular cat and dog fights.

Among Vosges peasants children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

John Newton, one evening at a party, mentioned that a young girl had died. "And how did she die?" asked a young lady. "You have forgotten," replied the good man, "to ask a far more important question." "Why, sir, what can be more important than how one dies?" "Yes," said he, "it is far more important how one lives." And so it is. If one lives well, God will take care that he dies well.

A new and effective way of displaying jewels has lately been invented by a jeweler. Fine bands of hair, matching exactly that of the one who is to wear the stones, are woven together, and the jewels are securely attached to it. When worn among the coils of the hair the effect is quite pleasing. Long ago fine hair nets were used for this same purpose, but the present way of making the bands is much preferable.

It is said that in Broadway, New York, a retail shoe establishment makes a point of having a particularly neat girl on a step-ladder in the window. She is kept there arranging and rearranging the exhibits, and shopping ladies do not fail to see that her unusually small and shapely feet are shod in the newest and nicest of shoes. The very latest novelties in gaiters and slippers are displayed by her, and in an artful manner that has all the appearance of artlessness.

Masculinities.

In Brittany tailors are greatly despised and feared.

But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is, the mother.

For poison oak, bathe in cream and gunpowder twice a day till cured.

Prayers may go begging for an answer, but "What'll you have?" never does.

Offence is something that is continually within reach of those who want to take it.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be quartz.

Men who wait for dead men's shoes generally find them worn out when they get them.

Now is a first-rate time to put the front gate on hinges again. It is the sofa's turn to creak.

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever—if you are wise enough to let some other fellow marry her.

"Could you lend me $5 until day after to-morrow?" "No. I might want to use it myself before Christmas."

Repairers, coopers and skinners are said throughout France to be unlucky persons, and they are greatly feared.

In Russia it is a great misfortune to meet any one in mourning, and such persons are carefully excluded from social enjoyments.

In Sardinia there is a proverb, "God guard us from the learned man's eye." Men of letters are there accounted unlucky.

There is, even among Americans, a prejudice against hunchbacked persons, and they are particularly feared in European countries.

A fan, a walking-stick, a bat and bonnet frame, an easy-chair, a hair-comb, a corset, an omelet and a dance, all bear the name of Edison.

A colored somnambulist in Georgia walked to the next village, several miles distant, and back, awakening on getting within a few squares of his home.

A curious wedding ceremony recently took place in Dublin, when the clergyman, the son of a well-known Dublin artist, married his father to a second wife.

In Siberia there is a spot, thirty square miles in extent, which has not been thawed out for over a century, and the ground is frozen to the depth of 60 feet.

In Spain it is most unlucky to meet a one-eyed man in the street, and a proverb in Cairo is, "If you see a one-eyed man pass on your side, return him a stone."

It has been computed that there are more than 17,000 Arabs in this country, and only one-tenth of these have a settled home, or have any occupation but peddling.

Masons and sawyers in parts of France, and millers in Saxony, are proscribed men, whom it is dangerous to have dealings with except in the way of necessary business.

Prodley: "I hear you've been getting married." Tooker: "Yes." Prodley: "Whom did you marry?" Tooker: "Milly Jones, her mother, her step-father and two maiden aunts."

When a man has sense enough to know that honesty is the best policy, he is all right. But when he thinks that lying and deceit are aids to his advancement, he is all wrong, in addition to being a fool.

The exodus accounted for. De Smith: "Hello, Travis! What's everybody crowding out of the drawing-room for? Have refreshments been announced?" Travis: "No, but Bloodgood is getting ready to sing."

Keep the back especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. To sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

He: "Mattie, I know that nobody can love you as well as I do." She: "And is it possible that only you can find anything in me deserving of love?" He: "Of course I don't mean that, dear. But, you know, I'm not so particular as some men are."

Mrs. Newlywed: "Oh, Charlie, dear! I've got such a nice piece of news to tell you!" Mr. Newlywed: "Indeed! What is it love!" "Why, William tells me that our place is just overrun with milkweed. Won't that be splendid for the new cow!"

Doctor: "Even if your wife, my dear sir, does not seem quite cured of the malady for which I recommended the baths, you must remember that she has gained ten pounds. You will know how to value that." "Exactly; precisely; every pound cost me $100.

"She's the sassiest woman I ever applied to for a bite." "How did you find that out?" "Well, she offered me cold tomatter soup and stale bread, and I said I thought a little cake would do me good." "Well?" "She said if it was a cake of soap she thought it would."

Jack repentantly: "Now, darling, will you please name the happy day?" Minnie, blushingly: "Three weeks from next Thursday, Jack." Norah, through the keyhole: "Av you plase, miss, that's me rer'lar day out. Tes'll have to git married in the early part of the week."

In Naples there is a race of cats who live in churches. They are kept and fed by the sextons in order to keep off the mice which infest old buildings in that city. It is not an uncommon sight to see a cat walking about among the congregation or gravely seated in the aisle during the celebration of the mass.

One time, on the Texan frontier, a man came into camp riding on an old mule. "How much for the mule?" asked a bystander. "Just a hundred dollars," was the answer. "I'll give you five dollars," said the other. The rider stopped short, as if in amazement, and then slowly dismounted. "Stranger," said he, "I ain't a-going to let a little matter of ninety-five dollars stand between me and a mule trade. The mule's yourn."

Recent Book Issues.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, have issued Edward Garrett's latest novel, "Life's Long Battle Won," in a handsome 12 mo. volume. Like all this English author's works, this story is written with a high purpose, and it is intensely interesting, with a plot that is ingeniously carried out with a happy ending. For sale by Porter & Coates.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The leading attraction in the December *St Nicholas* is Mrs. Ritchie's account of "The Boyhood of Thackeray," illustrated by fac similes of drawings and letters not hitherto published. The frontispiece is a bust showing Thackeray at the age of eleven. Miss Ewell tells a story of early Virginian history, an incident of the Indian massacre, strongly illustrated by Birch. The poetry includes several Christmas verses. There is a good story by Professor Boyesen, a pleasing bit of fancy by S Walter Norris, with many other contributions from pen and pencil, the whole forming a delightful Christmas magazine. The Century Co., New York.

The December number of the *Eclectic Magazine* closes the fiftieth volume of the new series of this old and favorite periodical. The contents include a striking article by Sir Samuel Baker, on "African Development in the Soudan;" "The Soan's Impressions of Europe," by Arminius Vambrey; "Eastern Women," by Horace Victor; "Early California Life," by Horace Hutchinson; "Roman Catholicism in America," "The History of a Star," by Norman Lockyer; "A Modern Correspondence," "The Bronze Axe," and other contributions. The cream of the leading foreign periodicals appear in the *Eclectic*. The January number will appear in a new and attractive cover. E R Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond Street, New York.

The December number of *Cassell's Family Magazine* concludes the volume, and brings to a close the interesting serials, "A Woman's Strength" and "Engaged to be Married." The Family Doctor with his usual timeliness discusses "The Winter Dress of Men and Women." "In Lavender Land" describes two districts in England where lavender growing and working is the principle industry. "A Very Strong Affair" is a good story, capitally illustrated. "Curiosities in Foot-Gear" is as strange in its way, "Bent Iron Work" is an interesting paper, "On the Road to Siberia" is the story of a Polish prisoner. The Fashion Department is excellent. "What Not to do in a Sick Room" is a practical paper by a nurse. An instructive "Gatherer" brings the number to a close. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

In its pictorial attractions, the December number of *The Cosmopolitan* is splendid. The opening paper, "Child-Faces Christmas Morning," by Carl Christopher, is beautifully illustrated, as are all the other contributions, with one exception, namely: "New York's Candidacy for the World's Fair." The illustrated articles are "Kansas City," "The Capital of the Dragon Empire," "Joe's Search for Santa Claus" a poem, "The Turners of New York," "Fur Bearers and Fur Wearers," "Art Socialists in London," with portraits, "Literary Washington," with portraits, "New York Flower Market," and a complete novel, "Betty: or, A Last Century Love Story," by Anna Vernon Dorsey. Edward Everett Hale briefly discusses timely topics under the head of "Social Problems," and John Habberton and B. L. R. Dane write the book reviews. John Brisben Walker, editor. Published at 383 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The December *Century*, which begins a new volume, opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. Fine illustrations and portraits accompany the letters. Joseph Jefferson's highly interesting autobiography is illustrated with pictures from paintings, daguerreotypes and photographs. Charles Barnard's illustrated article on "The New Croton Aqueduct" is the first full account of that marvelous and unique engineering work. The Rev. W E. Griffis, the well-known authority on Japan, writes of "Nature and People" in that fascinating island—more of Theodore Wore's pictures being given in this connection. The celebrated French painters, Stevens and Gervex, give pictures of their "Paris Panorama of the Nineteenth Century." Professor Fisher begins his striking papers in this number on "The Nature and Method of Revelation." In fiction we have Mr. Barr's new novel, "Friend Olivia," Mr. Stockton's "The Merry Chanter," Hopkinson Smith's heroic story of "Captain Joe," founded on fact, and "The Taming of Tarias," by a new writer. Besides the Christmas and other poetry of this number, Mr. Stedman has a poem inspired by Fortuny's famous "Spanish Lady," and accompanied by an engraving of the picture. The chapters of the Lincoln Life deal with the fall of Richmond and Lincoln's visit to the abandoned capital. Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives briefly her impressions of the French Exhibition; and the editorial pages come to the defense of civil service reform.

THERE never was a perfect liniment offered to the public till Salvation Oil was discovered.

OLE BULL, the famed violinist, was not related to Dr. Bull, the Cough Syrup man.

WITH THE KANGAROOS.

WE WERE all seated round the fire that night after a hard day's ride. The air was clear and soft, and we could hear, in the distance, the cry of the "laughing jackass" making his evening salutation to the moon."

The hut of saplings was made, the "billy" had boiled, the tea had been thrown in and stirred, and the comforting concoction was cooling; we had eaten our salt beef and damper and had lighted our pipes, and so we began to talk till it was time to turn in.

My brother and I had been out all day after some straying cattle, but had not found them. About an hour before night fall, we had met a man on the same errand as ourselves, who had been equally unsuccessful: a queer, weird-looking little fellow he was, with a sharp, thin face and piercing black eyes and one leg much shorter than the other. Of course we asked him to come and share our camping ground and supper, and he accepted gladly.

When we came to dismount, he proved to be so lame that we could not conceive how he managed to ride at all; but he did it, though it remains to us a mystery to this day.

As we puffed away in peace, the wood fire leaping and crackling pleasantly and throwing deep shadows all around us as we sat, our visitor began to talk.

With a quick glance first at one and then the other, he said, "Do you care for a bit of a yarn, mates? I saw you looking at my leg as I got down. I'll just tell you how it happened, if you like."

"All right; fire away, old man," I said, lazily, propping myself comfortably against a big acacia that grew close to our hut; so he began—

"I never hunted kangaroos but once, but it was once too often for me. I came out to Queensland when I was a lad of eighteen, and went up country to a cousin of my mother's, and I hadn't been there a month before there was a kangaroo hunt. Of course I said I'd go; my cousin said I shouldn't. I wasn't much of a rider, let me tell you, and he was afraid I should come to grief. You see, he had been an old beau of my mother's twenty years before, and he thought he ought to look after me a bit for her sake, but I didn't see it in that light at all. Well, I flared up and vowed I would go, and he flared up and vowed that he would look me up. I wish to goodness he had! But in the end he didn't. He said he left it to my common sense to obey him—common sense indeed! I hadn't an atom of that commodity in those days, and so off I went.

"We started about an hour before daybreak, as we had a good way to go. There were six of us, and we had as many dogs as we could collect, all powerful, swift animals, the very thing for the job; you know the sort well enough. I was riding an old bay station horse called 'Bob,' which I had ridden regularly ever since I came out.

"We jogged along quietly enough through the cool misty country, first passing through a narrow strip of brush, where we had hard work to keep the dogs from hunting on their own account; then we came to a rocky torrent bed that reminded me of Wales.

"The stream was almost dry, and on its banks grew trees of all sizes and forms; the most conspicuous being the leichhardts and acacias, mixed with native figs and pidin trees. We scrambled up this rough torrent bed with difficulty, and at the top came again to the open country, where the riding was easy and pleasant.

"At last, just as the day was breaking, we came suddenly on to a small level plain, and there, in the dim light of the early morning, we could see a dozen or more kangaroos quietly feeding. I can tell you that my heart thumped under my waistcoat when I spied them, and I thought my old cousin was a consummate ass! Of course the kangaroos soon found us out, and the fun began.

"The animals scattered in different directions, and we did the same each selecting his own kangaroo and following it at full speed. A man named Lister and I rode close together; we had chosen a grand 'old man,' an enormous beast, dark red in color, and quite six feet high.

"My word! how he did fly over the ground, using his big tail as a rudder, while behind came our three great dogs—one a Scotch hound called Oscar, famous for holding on to the kangaroo's throat if he could once get at him.

"Well, away we went, and at first the ground was fairly open and the riding easy, but presently the scene changed, and we got into the bush, where it was rather a different thing. How I stuck on as long as I did, I cannot tell; holes, huge logs, overhanging boughs at every turn, and away went went that old Bob as if he was possessed, crashing and stumbling, leaping in the air, ducking his old head under a bough; down he went on his nose, and I thought it was all over with me; but no: up he got again, and we were at it as hard as ever.

"I declare my back feels quite chilly even now when I think about it! Fortunately that run was short, though sharp. The 'old man' was large and heavy, and our dogs were good. He was run down at last, but not before he had cost us one of our best kangaroo hounds, which grieved me very much. Rushing along side the animal, he seized him by the throat, was swung round and round, and before we could come up with them, the kangaroo's powerful hind claw was up, and in a few minutes the poor dog was dead.

"But there was no time to stop. On we went until we came to a big water hole, and there the kangaroo stopped, backed right into the water with his back against a tree just like a stag, and there waited for the foe.

"I declare, mates, that I did feel a mean sort of a cuss when I saw that poor old fellow looking with calm solemnity out of his large eyes, and waiting for those dogs like an old soldier determined to die hard. And die hard he did, I can tell you. He had waded in so far that only his head and fore legs were above water, and for nearly an hour he kept the dogs at bay, striking them tremendous blows when they approached and dashing the water over them till they were nearly drowned. Oscar, the great Scotch hound, finished him at last, and I was really glad when the brave old man's life was ended."

"Well, but you didn't come to any harm seemingly."

"Wait a bit and you'll see. We were on our way home when the catastrophe happened. We cut off the kangaroo's tail for soup and brought it along with us, and were jogging quietly along, chatting about our day's hunting, when suddenly we sighted a 'blue flyer,' or female kangaroo, and before we knew where we were, dogs, horses, and men were going full tilt again through that horrible bush! The other ride was nothing at all to this! Old Bob's metal was up; he got the bit in his teeth and went like mad.

"I lost all control of him, and soon saw that it was all up with me. The thick grass hid all the dangerous places over which we had to pass, and over which that kangaroo kept sailing along, always getting further and further away. All the rest is one confused dream. I remember throwing my arms around Bob's neck; then feeling a fearful crash— a shock—a sudden darkness, and then nothing more.

"When I came to myself I was in my own bed at the station, and the doctor had just set my thigh. It was badly broken, and so was the ankle of the same leg. How I ever lived I cannot tell. Poor old Bob was killed on the spot: he fell over a great log concealed in the grass and broke his neck.

"I've been a cripple ever since, and precious little use to anybody; and, would you believe it, that cousin of mine nursed me like a brick for months, and never so much as said a word about that ride, and he has treated me like his son ever since! Now, mates, I'm as sleepy as an owl. Let's put ourselves between those blankets; and you take my advice, unless you particularly want to break some of your bones, don't go kangaroo hunting."

PAUSE.—All experience shows us how soon too much of any thing, however good, nullifies itself and produces evil. This is a point to be recognised in all education. It is generally supposed that the versatility and changefulness of childhood are qualities needing continual repression. Yet they contain within them a safeguard against an unwise monotony. What we need to do is not to crush them out, but to direct them to the right channels.

While we rightly give the young the discipline of concentration, we should also give them the discipline of change—that is to accustom them not to fly aimlessly from one thing to another, but to observe natural limits—to find out when it is wise to pause, to desist, to alter the current of thought or speech or action. In that effort as much self-control is gained and as much efficiency of life secured as in the most persistent continuance.

YOU CAN CURE A SORE THROAT with the help of Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for Coughs, and all Throat and Lung diseases.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "Christ Before Pilate," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker." They are printed on the best heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it un." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

THE POST earnestly hopes that those of its friends and readers who are kindly in the habit of getting up clubs, will enter the field as soon as possible this year and try at least to double their old lists, and that such of our readers as have not heretofore sent us a club will try to do so now.

We intend getting a great many additional clubs this year, and trust every one of our present subscribers will make an extra effort to secure one or more new friends for us.

THE POST is much lower in price than any other first-class family paper in the country, and we think it only needs to be laid before the community to be subscribed for at once by thousands to whom it may still be a stranger, save, perhaps, by reputation.

Of course we must depend in a great degree upon our present subscribers, friends and readers to show THE POST to their acquaintances and neighbors, and to speak a good word in our behalf. Their return for such efforts must be the pleasure they give to others, the consciousness of assisting in the good work of circulating THE POST, and enabling us to make it better, more useful and entertaining than ever before. Will they try and do it for us? Let each of our present friends and subscribers try to get one new subscriber at least.

Send us the names and addresses of your friends and neighbors and we will mail them sample copies immediately upon their receipt.

CHRISTMAS and the NEW YEAR are coming! What a pleasure a year's subscription to "THE POST" would bring to one of your friends near at hand or at a distance!

Humorous.

WHEN AND WHERE.

On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute, we'll find all things that we seek.
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop Lane—a cloud-island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the mountain of Mist, in the valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the mountain of Mist, in the valley of Overthere,
On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair;
And there is where our dreams will come true, and the seeds of our hope will grow
On the Thitherward side of the hills of Hope in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the Thitherward side of the hills of Hope in the Hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we care to know;
For there the old men will never lament, the babies they never will squeak,
In the Cross-roads corners of Chaosville, in the county of Hideangoseek.

In the Cross-roads corners of Chaosville, in the county of Hideangoseek,
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month of the eight day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish all that we try,
On the sunset shore of Sometimesorother, by the beautiful bay of Bimeby.

—J. N. Nosa.

A spring garment—The wire bustle.

A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy.

The expenses of cigars should be put down as among "losses by fire."

The night air is not necessarily bad unless it is sung by a cat, and prevents sleep.

The boy who undertook to ride a horse-radish is now practising on a saddle of mutton.

A genius has discovered how to cut wood without using an ax or a saw. He uses a hatchet.

When is a pretty girl inclined to commit murder? When she is bound on a sleighing expedition.

"I thought you told me, doctor, that Smith's fever had gone off?" "Oh, yes; but it and Smith went off together."

Practice makes perfect. True, but a man can continue to drop a hot horseshoe as readily the first time as the second.

Why is a hungry boy looking at a pudding like a wild horse? Because he would be all the better if he had a bit in his mouth.

Reward of virtue. "Waiter, that man came in after I did, and yet he has his roast goose and I have nothing." "Oy, yes, sir; but then he always gets very cross if we don't serve him a once."

"Can't you read to yourself?" asked a man of an old darkey, who was muttering over a newspaper. "Don't keer for dat sorter readin' nohow. When I reads I wants ter hear what I'se readin' about."

The little boy was on his knees in his little night-dress saying his prayers, and his little sister could not resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long he could, and then he said: "Please God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."

A gentleman once asked a little girl, an only child, how many sisters she had, and was told three or four. Her mother asked her, when they were alone, what induced her to tell such an untruth. "Why, mamma," cried Mary, "I did not want him to think you were so poor that you hadn't but one child."

Miss Tattall: "Don't you know what Mrs. Browne said about you yesterday?" Mrs. Gooseale—"No, nor I don't keer. But do you know what my old man said about you the other day? He says when you git two or three years older, an' that pryin' nose of yourn meets that waggin' chin, that there'll the doggonddest time on record. What? Ye ain't goin'? Well, call again soon, won't ye?"

Fond lover: "Is your pa in, Addie?" Gentle Maiden—"Yes; but you may come in." "I don't think he likes me, and he might."—"There's no need of being afraid; he is engaged." "Engaged, is he?" "Yes; he stayed out until after 12 o'clock last night and he went off this morning without giving me a chance to talk to talk to him. She is talking to him now and he won't be in this part of the house for the next three hours. Come right in."

"Did you saw that wood I told you about?" asked the lady of the house of the tramp to whom she had given a dinner. "Madam," he replied, and a look of contempt flitted across his tawny face, "I am surprised that so good a cook and housewife as you should be so ungrammatical. You should say "Did you see that wood?" "Saw" is proper only in a question referring to the perfect tense. I cannot work for one so uncultured, for fear I should be contaminated. Ta-ta."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS,

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

THE CARE OF THE MATCHES.—In nothing about the household does the injunction to have "a place for everything" require more strict enforcement than in the care of matches. What are known as "parlor matches" light the most readily, and are as much more dangerous than the common matches as they are more convenient.

The general stock should be kept in a tin box, which is not to be opened or taken from except by the master or mistress of the house. For each room where matches are used there should be a metal match-safe of some kind, and the matches are to be kept in that and nowhere else. It should be regarded as a serious offence for a match to be anywhere or for ever so short a time found "lying loose."

In the kitchen and the bedroom, or wherever else matches are in frequent use, it is better to have the match-safe fixed and always in the same place, so it can be found, if need be, in the dark.

In taking matches from the larger box to replenish the safes, let that always be done by one person, and it will pay for that person to look over the matches at the time, throwing away all broken ones, and where, as is often the case, two or more are stuck together by the explosive mixture, these should be carefully broken apart, and unless two good matches are the result, rather than put into the safe one with too little and the other with a ragged excess of the mixture, throw both away. Also throw into the fire those matches that have two or three times as much of the mixture on the ends as they should have. These, lighting, often explode and scatter burning particles in a dangerous manner.

If, in lighting a match, day or night, it breaks, or the explosive end comes off without lighting, do nothing else until that end is found, and put it into the fire, or where it can do no harm.

In fact, treat matches, every match, as if it were, as it really is, a fire-arm, capable of of dangerous mischief to person and property. Teach the children to carefully observe the same caution.

A WHIMSICAL SINGER.—John Abell, the celebrated alto singer, who lived in the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century, was always whimsical, and sometimes would sing and sometimes would not, just as he took it into his head. When he was at Warsaw he refused to sing before the Court, "but his objections were overcome by the somewhat summary method of suspending him in a chair in the middle of a large hall, while some bears were admitted below him. He was asked whether he preferred singing to the king and the court who were in a gallery opposite to him, or of being lowered to the bears; he not unnaturally chose the former alternative."

HIS REASONING.—There is reasoning and reasoning. A certain little boy, whose love of Bible history is indulged in at all times and in all places, was recently reproved by his mother for his lack of order.

"You must get in the habit of putting away your umbrella and overcoat," said she, "and not leave it for others to do."

"Well, mamma," replied the young reasoner, "don't you know that a person's head can only contain just so much? Now, if I put umbrellas and overcoats and such things into mine, then Moses and the kings and the prophets will have to be crowded out."

BETTER LEFT UNSAID.—Mamma: I visited Professor Gilhooly this afternoon, and he said my head was full of nonsence."

Jack (sceptically): "Pshaw, I don't believe there is anything in it."

THOSE who attain any excellence, commonly spend life in one pursuit; for excellence is not often gained upon easier terms.

An Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where asking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Pope of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Dunn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand **photograph** album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly." The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonder-struck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $140." This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Insides charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500,000, and are satisfied with a profit of a few cents on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed **free**. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 3918, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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A typewriter of neat plain type. Type holder, bottle of INDELIBLE ink (warranted not to wash out) ink pad, tweezers and directions in neat case. Will set up any name quickly, can be changed 1,000 times. For printing cards, marking linen, books, etc. Make money by doing printing and selling the outfit. Full catalogue and agents terms with cards. 2 outfits by mail, 50c. Ingersoll Bros. 65 Fulton St. N.Y. City.

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Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Creams**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 28, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

To begin with minor matters we do not find any wonderful novelties in gloves. Suedes are still worn, though kid is gaining slowly a sure favor with those women who really wish to dress well. Many of the gloves are elaborately embroidered on the back, and for present wear a gauntlet glove has been brought out with elastic wrists.

Washleather are extremely comfortable and economical. They can be had in many buttons, and these buttons are important, for they are flat coin brass buttons, as large as a threepenny piece almost.

These sort of gloves can be washed on the hand, and improve rather than not by the process. White kid gloves for half mourning and for wearing with black and white dresses are sewn with black.

Black stockings are almost universally worn in the day time, but for evening many beautiful colors are brought out to match dresses; the embroidery and open work combined, the introduction of real lace insertion, and some fine floral embroidery in natural colors, are prominent features. But as yet the newest fashions in stockings have not appeared.

Fur will be used greatly for trimmings, and as boas, tippets, muffs, and capes.

Feather boas are fashionable, and for dresses at the present season feather trimming is frequently to be seen. No fur is likely to be so much worn as beaver; next to that Astrakan.

Fur capes have been introduced again, and will be much worn. The novelty is the Elizabethan collar, made of the rounded form, which will stand up or turn down, but they will be generally turned up. They have fur both sides. Seal and Astrakan are blended; and seal capes have Astrakan collars, and *vice versa*.

Boas are being made, but the flat tippets reaching to the feet are newer. They are made in sable, squirrel tail, black and Greenland fox, and dyed moufflon.

Very large muffs are being offered for sale once again; last year they were brought out without success.

An umbrella is strictly a useful article, but a certain element of quaintness must appear in the handle to be *a la mode*. Handles are made in tortoiseshell; lapis lazuli, and various materials, as well as ivory, gold, and silver.

The newest of all are the malacca canes with metal tops. Japanese handles in many shapes are imported and adapted. Birds are a favorite form—ducks and chickens principally. I wonder what we shall have next.

Chuddah shawls are useful and durable. Nothing is so suitable for a sick room, or for evening wear under cloaks. They are to be had in white, gray, pink, and red, more or less elaborately embroidered.

A soft bow of mousseline chiffon below the chin is most becoming. They are sold at small prices to match any gowns, and can be pinned on in a moment.

The newest gowns seen from Paris had either velvet panels or taffeta; and a check velveteen has been brought out and used for the same purpose, which is cheap and has a most excellent effect. I recommend it greatly for woollen gowns. Many of the tailor-made costumes have only a few rows of plain stitching for trimming.

Paris has gone quite wild on tartans, and dressmakers are making up a number of green tartan sashes and woollen dress skirts in tartans and fancy plaids. Some of the plaids have black braided fine cloth jackets as part of the costumes; they subdue the cheek and are pretty and smart. Braiding in infinitesimal patterns is introduced into more than half the dresses, a V-shaped plastron carrying out the idea on the bodice.

Zouave jackets are a general accompaniment. Many of the new petunia shade of gowns, and the new Java-brown, are now being sent home. They are the leading tints brought out as yet.

The distinct front breadths with stripes and brocades are greatly in request, and of these we shall hear a great deal as the season advances.

For evening dresses there is nothing very new. Mousseline chiffon is being made up a great deal, and falls softly. Sashes are worn at the sides, not at the back. Cream lace accordion-pleated skirts over a color are exceedingly pretty, and some useful gowns are made in the large meshed black net with horizontal bands of moire ribbon. A great deal of ribbon is employed on all these dresses.

Long mantles will be the fashion, in matelasse, velvet, and in rich brocade, both silk and wool.

The new models which come over just now from Paris are most elaborate and costly, with very high collars, immensely high sleeves, and some cloaks are fitted to the figure, in two materials, and draped in easy folds, and are more like dresses than mantles; but fur and plenty of fringes composed of pointed aiguillettes are worn.

Velours du Nord has quite superseded plush, and this is combined with matelasse, trimmed with very handsome galons. Some of the galons are entirely metallic gold, and the cloaks lined with bright yellow satin to match. Linings are most important.

Some of the brocaded cloth cloaks have a new and pretty elongated sleeve. Nearly all the woollen brocades I have yet seen are long enough to hide the dress, and look most handsome and important. Many of them are trimmed with fine Astrakan collars.

Otter and beaver are well worn upon them, and greens, grays, and terra-cottas, with many tones of brown, are most in favor now.

One new shape which I prophesy will find many patrons only came below the waist, while in front the ends hung to the feet. Camel-hair mantles are likely to be exceedingly fashionable.

In millinery there are a few new ideas, but we have not got them all over from Paris yet. Soft felt hats are trimmed in a variety of ways; the edges are left raw as they are cut; there is no wire, and they can be bent into almost any form.

The crowns are low, but many are rimmed high, and I see no chance of the fashion of using little birds in millinery being set aside. I counted a cluster of five on the upturned brim of one hat.

A fawn hat of the description had the brim at the back caught up three times, a bunch of black watered ribbon bows on the top.

A large green felt had a huge green piece-velvet bow which covering the entire top, lined prominently with straw-colored satin, and in the front of the hat was a cluster of birds; a grey felt had white ribbon bows, and a large white bird.

Accordion pleating has been applied to the bows, made of silk, used on hats, and green and other colors have an accordion pleated bow of white silk without ends on the front.

The feathers, when there are any, come from the back; white ostrich feathers are mostly introduced on the green hats.

The newest model I have seen is a species of double crown in felt, not one over the other, but the smaller one behind the larger, so that it pretty well covers the back of the head, for of course you know fashionable people do not mean any longer to turn the hair up, but to wear it low down. The junction of these crowns is hidden by birds and bows.

I have seen many toques of all forms; a red velvet had a crimped brim, and was trimmed with a long bow of black watered ribbon thrust through with a jet pin in the form of a gaudy scarabee, in black velvet, had a cock's feather standing up at the back, and bands of Impeyan feathers.

There is an inclination to return to the Marie Stuart point over the face. One or two new Paris bonnets have a point of lace falling on the face, and a black velvet bonnet for an elderly lady was made with the point, and an under brim bordered with jet; the outside looks like a flat plate, with ostrich plumes to give some height. Tomato is still a favorite color in millinery.

Odds and Ends.

VARIETIES OF COOKING.

Stuffed Breast of Veal.—Take a breast of veal, chop off the ends of the bones, raise the skin and put in any forcemeat that is liked; sew the edge to keep in the stuffing, braise the veal, and serve it with stewed vegetables or roots.

Shoulder of Veal.—Put the veal in a stewpan with one or two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt, pepper, herbs, parsley, clove of garlic, cut carrots, and onions; add some broth and a little white sugar; cook three hours; skim and strain the gravy; serve the meat surrounded with the vegetables and gravy.

Galantine of Shoulder of Veal.—Bone and trim a shoulder of veal. Chop very finely a pound of bacon with a pound of lean veal, spread this over the underside of the shoulder—which should be previously flattened as much as possible on a board with the underside uppermost—put on the chopped meat some strips of bacon and of pickled tongue, make a thin omelet, with seasoning and spinach juice in it, spread this over the forcemeat, add more strips of bacon, some sliced truffles, pistachio kernels and seasoning; then roll up the veal carefully lengthways, sew it firmly in a piece of fine linen, and braise it with bacon rinds, the bones out of the meat, a calf's foot, salt, pepper, sweet herbs, parsley, bay-leaf, onions, carrots, cloves, a lump of sugar, glass of white wine and sufficient water; keep it cooking for three hours, take the meat out, let it get cold in the cloth. Skim, strain, and then clarify the gravy with the whites of eggs. When cold remove the cloth and garnish the galantine with the jelly.

Boiled Calf's Head.—Take a calf's head that has been properly prepared and cleaned, put it into a saucepan of boiling water, and cook it half an hour; then take it out and put it in cold water, remove the jawbones and the frontal bone, and replace the meat in its proper position, rub the skin of the head all over with a cut lemon, then sew it up in a white cloth. Mix a handful of flour into a saucepanful of water, add onions, sweet herbs, bay-leaf, parsley, parsnip, a little butter or slice of bacon fat, salt, and whole pepper; put the head into this, taking care that the water covers it entirely. As soon as it simmers skim it; when the head is cooked enough (it takes from three hours to three hours and a half) take it out, remove the cloth, and serve with sauce in a tureen. It is served with vinaigrette, maitre d'hotel, or other sauce. With the head cooked in this way one prepares Tete a la financiere, a la tortue, a la poulette, a la Sainte-Menehould, en matelotte, etc.

Roast Quarter of Lamb.—Cover the lamb from the shoulder to the edge of the ribs with pieces of bacon; roast before the fire; when done, put it on a dish, separate the shoulder, and put under it on the breast a large lump of maitre d'hotel butter.

Galantine of Shoulder of Lamb.—Bone a shoulder lamb, cut the meat from the under side of the bone and some towards the knuckle (so leave it rather thin,) chop this meat with double its weight of sausage meat, then pound it in a mortar with pepper and salt; mix with it a little cooked lean ham cut in dice and some small pieces of truffles; put this in the shoulder, roll it up to make it a long shape, sew it in a piece of linen, and tie securely; then stew in broth for an hour and a half, or braise; when done put under a weight. When cold remove the cloth and string, and serve with savory jelly.

Stewed Lamb with Rice.—Cut a neck of lamb in pieces, put it in a stewpan with butter, chopped onions, sweet herbs and parsley; brown slightly, season with salt and pepper, add broth or water enough to cover it, and cook twenty-five minutes; then for one quart of broth or water add a quarter of a pint of rice and four tablespoonfuls of tomato puree or sauce, keep the lid on, and stew; the rice and meat should be done at the same time.

Fresh Pork Roasted.—Put the pork into a marinade of oil, salt, pepper, parsley, onions, bay leaf and cloves; leave it a day, then roast it, basting it with the marinade.

Loin of Pork.—Chine a loin of pork, then make small notches between the bones, so that the meat may not draw up in cooking, sprinkle salt over it, and leave it for two hours. Wipe it, make some small incisions in the fat, and slip in strips of raw truffles and little pieces of garlic; cover with buttered paper, and roast. Skim and serve the gravy out of the dripping-pan with it.

Pork Pie.—Take seven or eight thin pork chops, bone and beat them, season with pepper and salt. Sprinkle the bottom of a pie dish with chopped onion and shalots, then put a layer of raw potatoes cut in slices, season, arrange the chops on the potatoes, sprinkle again with chopped onion and shalots, put another layer of sliced potatoes and more seasoning, then pour in a quarter of a pint of cold broth or gravy, cover the whole with pie-crust, egg over, and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.

White Puddings.—Chop half a pound of lean and half a pound of fat pork, mix, then add pepper, salt, and a little spice, chop five minutes more, put in a basin, add one tablespoonful of finely-chopped onions, and two eggs, one after the other, and rather less than a quarter of a pint of cream or milk; put into sausage skins, tie up, and poach. Let them get cold, then broil over a clear fire, and serve.

CITIZEN: "Well, I see you were elected." Successful Candidate—"Yes." "I suppose you voted for your opponent on election day?" "Oh, yes; I thought I would give him a complimentary vote." "That's right; I think in local affairs a man should always vote for the best man, regardless of politics."

Confidential Correspondents.

QUESTION.—There is no difference between olive oil and sweet oil.

CAXON.—The Delegates in Congress from the Territories have no votes except upon matters pertaining to the Territories.

AU FAIT.—At a dance it is always proper for a gentleman to wear gloves. Evening gloves should be either light lavender or white.

QUICK.—Cablegrams of twenty five words are sent from New York to London in one minute; the average speed is about twenty-seven words a minute.

HOPEFUL.—Persons passing the civil service examinations are graded and registered. The Commission gives a certificate to each person stating whether he has passed or not.

EDEN.—A sabre-tache (sword pocket) is a sort of flat case in the shape of a shield, which hangs at the side of the sword of an hussar, and is supposed to be used to carry letters or despatches.

JASSIE.—Bunions can seldom be cured; they may be alleviated by strapping them tightly with sticking-plaster, or by wearing a bunion plaster; they appear to be constitutional with some people and are very difficult to get rid of.

DOMENICA.—Brazil is the largest of the South American countries. It has an area of 3,287,964 miles. The legislative power was vested in a Senate of 58 members, elected for life, and a Chamber of Deputies of 122 members, chosen for four years by direct suffrage. The established religion is Roman Catholic.

SLUBBER-HUNTER.—You are right, and consequently your friend is wrong. It is rather an unpleasant thing to have to give a visitor a flat contradiction; nevertheless, in the interests of truth it must be done. A whale is an animal, a mackeral is a fish, and for the very reasons that you have so well explained.

A. C. S.—Brown earthenware is glazed by the diffusion of common table salt in the oven, when the earthenware is at the highest temperature. The volatilized salt combines with the clay, and forms the glaze. Iron is enamelled with a mixture of about one pound of flint, half a pound of borax, and a quarter of an ounce of potter's clay.

M. S.—There is no "solution" or outward application to correct the defect of short sight. This is an organic defect of the visual apparatus, and quite distinct from such external diseases of the eyes as ophthalmia and the like. The only remedy for you is to use glasses, and they must be of a proper focus, otherwise they will be of no use at all.

W. H. B.—The rib missing from the skeleton must have been broken off. Men and women have each twelve ribs on each side; the first seven joined to the sternum are the true, the remaining five are the false; the last two where everybody is so ticklish, just about the loins, are the floating ribs. "Jerk him beneath the twelfth rib," is therefore to stab him in a vital part.

S. W.—Your desire to learn French is a very commendable one; as to the possibility of learning such a language without the aid of a master, we can only say that as French is pre eminently a conversational language, it is better to seek a master to help you in pronunciation. As you live in the city, you should have no difficulty in securing the services of a competent instructor at a small cost.

READER.—Where a red and rough complexion is constitutional, as it is in many cases, nothing will change it. The eating of good food, general bathing and regular habits of life will do much toward improving the skin where the trouble is a local one and removable. Lemon juice and sugar, or a solution of gum tolu, both innocent and harmless, are to remove freckles. Washing in buttermilk, or sour milk in which grated horse-radish has been boiled is also said to be good.

SUBSCRIBER.—The safest and easiest way to get rid of "blackheads" in the skin is to take a watchkey and press the winding-tube over the "blackhead." They are nothing more than the obstructed perspiration, constitutional with some people, and apart from their appearance, quite harmless. 2. What you see advertised in the columns of THE POST is an assurance that so far as we know, goods are as represented. Outside of our own limits, we do not care to make any recommendations.

MARY.—You cannot force your children to speak. You should, however, endeavor to make them pronounce with the utmost distinctness the words they do say. If there is any defect in hearing, it is almost certain to produce imperfect speech, because if the child cannot hear, its faculty of imitation is of no use to it; and it is mostly by imitation that young children learn to speak. You should have the eldest girl's ears examined at once by a good surgeon, and the other children looked to, in case they may have some removable defect.

IONA.—Brilliantine, as a simple dressing for the hair, to make it glossy and of pleasing appearance, has become popular. It consists of equal parts of spirituous perfume, glycerine, and fine oil of flowers. According to the perfume desired, the oil and the spirit should be of the flower preserved, such as jasmine spirit and jasmine oil, orange spirit and orange oil, violet spirit and violet oil, &c. It is only necessary to mix the ingredients in one bottle, and shake them well together every time the brilliantine is used. On standing at rest for a short time the oil sinks, but the spirit and glycerine rise together as one fluid. The brilliancy given by this fluid to the hair is due to the glycerine, and the oil and spirit destroy the usual unpleasant stickiness of the glycerine.

EAST. S.—As a rule, of course with exceptions, men like "a quiet, steady girl," much better than a "laughing, mischievous flirt." But laughter and merriment have their uses in this dull world; and a quiet, steady girl should certainly be cheerful and "jolly." When a man, as the head of the house, provides meat, drink, clothes, comforts, and luxuries for his wife, he requires attention, love, merriment, and even amusement. This may be very selfish in the monster, but it is very natural. Men marry for it. Young men love young women because they fancy that they are appreciated and beloved by them; that, when they return home, there will be a good humor etc. And when they don't find these, but discover that women demand amusement, fun, jollity, everything from them, they either become melancholy, or they kick over the traces.